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Pro-Slavery.

In this Department we give place to such extracts from the Pro-Slavery Press, North and South, as serve best to illustrate the character of Slavery and the spirit of its champions and apologists.

"SUPPOSING THAT ABOLITION WILL BE SQUELCHED."

Washington Correspondence of The N. Y. Express.

* * A WISE and judicious course on the part of the North may yet convince the masses of the South, that the old Union is to them a political necessity. This is always supposing that abolition will be squelched. By this, your correspondent means that infernal species of abolition which, under the guise of philanthropy, contemns God's great attributes, love, charity, mercy, and justice, and which would have the war, the one now waging, a war over which, in the future, humanity could but weep, while fiends held their jubilee.

But this can never be. The most encouraging sign of the times is the fact that the abolition party proper—the higher law disciples—are becoming less and less a power in the land. It is now quite evident that the persistent efforts of *The Tribune* and kindred sheets to work the government up to the abolition programme of emancipating and arming the slaves, is beginning to disgust if not slightly enrage the half million of fighting material ranged along the line, between the Chesapeake and the Mississippi. On the points of that half million bayonets hangs the destiny of the country, and it is becoming apparent that no part of their mission is to subserve the monstrous and inhuman purposes of the Abolitionists. Your correspondent has very good opportunities to know the real sentiment of the grand army on this subject.

The soldiers universally declare that they have enlisted to fight for the preservation of the Union, and not for the negro. They wish not to fight either with negroes or against them—in fact, they do not wish to hear the negro mentioned, and if the Abolitionists do not cease talking of the negro, and desist from throwing obstacles in the way of a successful prosecution of this war, and the restoration of the Union, they will provoke some disagreeable demonstrations among the bayonets around the Capitol. The expulsion of those fanatical abolition singers, the Hutchinsons, from the camps on the Potomac, is very suggestive and significant. Your correspondent would advise the Abolitionists to quietly subside, and he would at the same time call their attention to a certain production of the vegetable kingdom which he has met with in his travels, to wit:

In one of the most barren and disagreeable regions on the American continent, there is occasionally seen a curious, cactus-appearing excrescence, which shoots up several feet, misshapen and exceedingly ugly to look upon. This nondescript of the vegetable kingdom bears thorns which curve as they grow, and in their curvilinear course, penetrate and finally kill the parent stem. No other vegetation can exist around this singular production, and the prick of its thorns is very poisonous. AJAX.

THE STRENGTH OF OUR HEART.

From The New York Observer.

* * * * * *

GOD is the strength of our heart only when we are RIGHT. He hateth iniquity. And there is no race of men whom God hates more than covenant-breakers. The rebellion is a breach of covenant, infinitely offensive to Him who requireth truth in the soul. But we are not released from our obligations to the national covenant by the apostacy of a few or many. The Constitution is as sacredly binding on our souls now as it was on Washington's and Madison's, when they swore to uphold it; and as it is on the souls of those men who have trampled it under foot, men whose names we will not write on the same page with the unsullied names of Washington and Madison, the one the father of his country, and the other the father of the Constitution. The war is waged to uphold that Constitution; every jot and tittle of it; what we like of it and what we do not; all that we have sworn to stand by, once and always. God is our judge, and if we wage this war to subvert, or alter or weaken that immortal instrument, we do it at the peril of losing our helper, GOD. He is on our side now, because we are right. We shall be traitors and covenant-breakers the moment we propose to carry on the war for any other purpose than the restoration of the Constitution in its integrity for the protection of the rights of every man, from the gulf to the St. Lawrence.

God is the strength of our heart. Call this superstition, or fanaticism, if you will. It is not infidelity, such as the Secretary of War has so nobly rebuked. It is the old Puritan Christian idea that made our fathers heroes when the savages were around them; that made them mighty to victory when they struggled through a seven years' war to independence; that must hold up the heart of this people under taxation and bereavement and poverty and untold suffering, until the Union is restored and the land has rest from war.

THE ABOLITIONISTS THE ONLY OBSTACLES."

Correspondence of The N. Y. Herald.

BALTIMORE, Feb. 26.

. . . THE people of all the Southern States are divided into two great classes, which, for the sake of distinction, may be called Union men and State Rights men. The former are willing to lay down their arms and return to their allegiance only under certain conditions and express stipulations. The latter, undismayed by the recent reverses, are determined never to yield, but to fight until they are exterminated, or until their independence is achieved. . . . There are two objections in the minds of the Southern Union men to laying down their arms and returning to the Union. The first is the belief on their part, amounting to absolute conviction, that the Abolitionists and radical Republicans have such control of the government that they will prevent them from reëntering the Union on a footing of perfect equality with the other States, but will impose upon them such disabilities as will practically reduce them far below the degree of sovereign States, and make them mere Territories. They say that if the principles of the compromise of 1850 had been faithfully observed by the North they never would have left the Union, and that they would now gladly return to their allegiance if they could be assured that all national legislation in regard to them should be based upon those principles. They declare that it was a systematic and determined disregard of those principles on the part of the Republican party which caused the Southern States to secede, and that it is nothing but a want of confidence in the men whom they believe to be in power at Washington now, namely, the Abolitionists, led on by Sumner, Chandler and Lovejoy, that keeps the Southern States out of the Union.

The second objection which they entertain is this: That if they were to lay down their arms now, or rather give them up, and be received back into the Union on terms of nominal equality with the other States, these Abolitionists and the radical Republicans would at once inaugurate a series of legislation aimed directly at the destruction of the institutions of the South, and would not rest until they had abolished slavery at the South, so far as that could be done by legal enactments; that the Abolitionists would impose upon them one disability after another, until at last the burthens would become too grievous to be borne, and they would be forced to fly to arms again; that if a reunion did take place now it would be hollow and insecure, because the Abolitionists and radical Republicans would never rest until they had succeeded in repealing the Fugitive Slave law and in passing an act of Congress abolishing slavery in all the States where it now exists.

If the Southern Union men could be convinced that these views of theirs are erroneous; that the Abolitionists in Congress are powerless for evil; that their institutions would be respected, and that they would be left unmolested in the enjoyment of their own customs and modes of life, and if they could be assured that all national legislation towards them would be based upon the principles of the compromise measures of 1850, more than half of the Southern States would lay down their arms at once and return to their allegiance.

SOLDIERS AND SLAVES.

From The New York Observer.

THE Rev. Mr. French made an address in Dr. Cheever's church a few days ago, respecting the condition of the negroes at and near Port Royal, who are there by thousands without masters. Mr. French belongs to the Cheever school of Abolitionists, and his testimony as to the effects of slavery will be hailed by his friends with great delight. He says that the negroes were such a simple-hearted, unsophisticated race, that they were shocked at the profanity and general immorality of the soldiers with whom they were now brought into contact!

This is very remarkable testimony, and deserves to be received with caution. Is it possible that slavery educates its victims to such a state of morals that they are shocked when the flower of our New England young men come among them? There must be some mistake about it, or we have had a great deal of false witness before. If the Rev. Dr. Adams had brought us this testimony, we might have regarded it as Southern prejudice; but the Rev. Mr. French has none of it.

Selections.

LIGHT FOR ENGLAND.

THE CASE CLEARLY ILLUSTRATED.

[WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, in a series of letters addressed to GEORGE THOMPSON and published in *The Liberator*, is endeavoring to set the Slaveholders' Rebellion in its true light before the minds of English Abolitionists, by many of whom the subject has been sadly misunderstood. We give an extract from his second letter.]

I HAVE expressed my profound astonishment, that, among the professed friends of freedom and progress in England, there should be any division of sentiment as to the cause, nature and object of the Southern rebellion, and the right and duty of the government, under the Constitution, to exert all its power to suppress it. This division, I am confident, could not exist, if they would make an analogous case on their own soil. Suppose that England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales were originally colonial dependencies of France; but, in consequence of the oppressive treatment of the mother country, they had been compelled to declare their independence, and, after a long and bloody struggle, they had obtained its recognition. To secure their liberties, they found it necessary to enter into "solemn league and covenant" with each other, and to form their National and State governments upon a common basis—making the Federal Constitution "the supreme law of the land," and the voice of the majority decisive in the election of their officers. Suppose that Ireland, in consequence of her "peculiar institutions," had insisted upon having extraordinary privileges conceded to her, by which she had been enabled to control the government and shape its policy to promote her special interests, for more than half a century. Suppose that, during all that period, while she was enjoying every recognized right and privilege throughout the republic, she was perfidious to all her constitutional obligations and duties—denying the guaranteed right of freedom of speech and of the press on her soil, applying lynch law in numberless instances to the citizens of England, Wales and Scotland found within her limits, and continually bullying and insulting the whole country. Suppose that, partly to prevent an open rupture, partly for lack of true courage, and partly from selfish considerations, the other portions of the country had allowed her to have her own way, "like a spoiled child," till, at last, in order to have a vestige of liberty and equal political rights left in the land, it became necessary for them to break from her thraldom, and to take the reins of government legally into their own hands, in order to subserve the interests of freedom. Suppose that a Presidential election was made the trial of strength between the parties, at the ballot-box, as by law provided; that Ireland had entered into it professedly in good faith, nominating her own candidate, and agreeing to abide the verdict of the people; and that, being defeated, she had raised the standard of rebellion, and proclaimed her independence—treacherously seizing upon all the national property and defences within her domains, and endeavoring to get possession of London itself, from which to issue her imperial decrees. And suppose, finally, that her avowed object for taking this traitorous course was to make that system of human bondage, which is "the sum of all villanies," the corner-stone of her new government, and to overturn all the institutions of freedom. Under such circumstances, what would the people of England, Scotland and Wales say, if, while their own government was exerting its constitutional authority to put down the rebellion, and to preserve the unity of the country—not for purposes of "conquest" or oppression, but to promote the general welfare—those claiming to be the friends of freedom in other lands should declare that they could see no essential difference between the contending parties; that it was a mere political struggle, in the decision of which the civilized world had no interest; that Ireland had a right to secede, and steal what she could, and the British government had no right to "coerce" her; and that, in fact, she was "more sinned against than sinning," and therefore should be permitted to take her course? I need not attempt to depict the astonishment and indignation they would express in such a contingency.

It is no defence to quote the words of the American Declaration of Independence—"All governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed"; for, surely, that axiom was never meant to justify or extenuate perfidy, robbery, lynch law, and a long catalogue of bloody crimes! Besides, the South had helped to make the American Constitution, and it was shaped expressly so as to secure her approval; she voted to make it supreme over the whole country; she registered her oath to support it; under it she had found peace, security, and the largest indulgence: in the disposal of its offices and emoluments she had obtained vastly more than her fair proportion; no change had been effected, none even proposed, in its letter or spirit, adverse to her interests; yet she shamelessly violated her plighted faith, causelessly lifted the heel of rebellion, impudently insisted that she had been grievously insulted and outraged by the North, wreaked her diabolical vengeance upon all within her reach who dared to advocate the old Union, and instituted a bloody reign of terror for the reign of constitutional liberty!

Granted that here are cases in which "rebellion" is laudable, and "treason" a sublime duty—rebellion against the iniquitous decrees of a fiercely despotic power, and treason against the powers of darkness. Granted that "resistance to tyrants is obedience to God." But the South has rebelled against no such decrees, and she is playing the traitor in order to establish the dominion of the devil, and to enlarge the boundaries of hell. Her spirit, contumacy, aim, effort, are all infernal. Justice is trodden under her feet; humanity bleeds under her murderous lash; liberty she dreads, abhors, and banishes from her soil; mercy she derides, and philanthropy she laughs to scorn. Honest, free, compensated labor is not to her taste; she delights in pandering the needy, in imbruting the helpless, in stealing and buying and selling fathers and mothers, husbands and wives, parents and children; and her fury "burns to the lowest hell" when she is rebuked for her infamous conduct, and admonished to put away her iniquities. In her domains are the habitations of cruelty; in her skirts is the "blood of the souls of the poor innocents." By a divine decree, her system of chattel slavery is sinking her lower and lower in the scale of civilization, impoverishing her resources, turning her fertile soil to barrenness, nourishing every form of sensual indulgence, filling her brain with madness and her heart with murder, promoting violence and lawlessness among all classes, and making pandemonium the fitting symbol of her actual condition. It has so thoroughly demonized her that appeals to reason, to justice, to the law of eternal rectitude, are not only inoperative, but they seem to inflame her passions, and to stimulate her to the perpetration of still bloodier crimes. She is an outlaw in the universe of God.

This is not to deal in vituperation; it is truthfully, though inadequately, to describe her character and situation. Promise what she may, there is no reliance to be placed upon her word; she delights in lying and perjury. All her accusations against the North are the basest of calumnies, coined and circulated for the worst of purposes. She is so cursed by slavery that she is insensible to shame, recreant to every sentiment of honor, and dead to every appeal of conscience. Her rebellion is the culmination of her slaveholding wickedness: it has been characterized throughout by that satanic spirit which deems it incomparably "better to reign in hell than serve in heaven."

These things being so, my dear friend, do you marvel at my astonishment that there should be found in England a disposition—in some cases even in the anti-slavery ranks—to defend the right of the South in dismembering the republic, and setting up a confederacy based expressly upon CHATTEL SLAVERY; and, consequently, to represent the American government as seeking her subjugation by despotic power, in violation of the doctrines embodied in the Declaration of Independence, and for no higher purpose than the conquest of empire? This indicates a strange obliquity of vision, or a surprising want of accurate intelligence. As well take the part of the wolf against the lamb—of the highwayman against his victim—of the murderer against the man who is endeavoring to defend his life. The government is innocent of wrong in this case, except that of dealing with the rebellion too forbearingly, and hesitating to strike the only effective blow that can be struck for its suppression. The South is wholly, inexcusably, horrribly in the wrong, in all her declarations and measures, her methods and objects, from first to last. Of course, I do not believe that the great body of the intelligent and moral people of England are disposed to countenance anything like lawlessness on the part of the South; but, at the same time, it is certain that they have not given that earnest sympathy and cordial approval to the American government in its attempt to restore the peace and unity of the republic, which the friends of freedom here had a right to expect.

I have not, thus far, made any reference to the connection subsisting between the government and Southern slavery, under the Constitution, because that is a distinct matter, to be determined by another standard. The first question to be settled is—Has the South any justification for her revolt on the ground of oppressive and unconstitutional treatment on the part of the government? Certainly, none at all. Whatever the words "factious," "seditious," "rebellious," "treasonable," mean in their worst sense, is applicable to her case; and, therefore, *wholly aside from the question of slavery*, every lover of order and public tranquillity is bound to pass sentence of condemnation upon her, and to desire her humiliation and defeat in every encounter with the government.

It is objected abroad, that the government forfeits its claim to respect and sympathy, because it allows the fugitive slaves of loyal masters to be given up, and refuses to make this a war for the abolition of slavery. But is it any worse, in these particulars, than it was before the rebellion, when it obtained the hearty recognition and good-will of the British people? Surely, my position, as an Abolitionist, in relation to the government, for a quarter of a century, will shield me from the suspicion of desiring to extenuate or overlook its constitutional complicity with slavery; but this is certain—bad as the Constitution is, it has at last become so intolerable to the Southern slave-traffickers that they will no longer live under it, and they may make it a capital offence for any Southern man to profess allegiance to it. An avowed Unionist among them stands in as great peril of his life as though he were an "ultra Abolitionist." Let him dare to unfurl "the stars and stripes" as the flag to which he owes loyalty, and they will either smother him in its folds, or hang him to the first lamp-post. When they are ferociously eager to shoot President Lincoln and every member of his Cabinet, and declare eternal hostility to the Union, common sense dictates that the government is none the less, but all the more, to be favorably regarded by the friends of freedom on that account, whether at home or abroad.

THE NEW YORK OBSERVER ON THE WAR AND SLAVERY.

From The St. Louis Democrat.

"As to the hope of 'ultimate success,' that is quite another thing. *The prospect of success has nothing to do with the zeal and energy with which we should prosecute a war.* If it is our duty to fight, we do with our might what our hands find to do, and leave the issue with Providence. But we frankly admit that our hopes of ultimate success are somewhat shaken by the course of things within the last three or four weeks. We have no fears of the armies of the South. We have no fears of England, France, or a world in arms. But there is a battle now in progress on which the fate of this Republic hangs. It is not in Virginia, or Kentucky, or in Missouri, that this battle is raging. It is fought on the floors of Congress, in the Press and in the minds of the people. It is to determine the *object of the war.* If it shall be decided that the war is to be converted into a mighty John Brown raid, that the sublime and holy purpose of restoring the Union is to be buried in the grave of wild and fierce fanaticism that knows no law human or divine, then indeed we have no hope of 'ultimate success.' Then we have a new war on our hands, a war between the friends and the enemies of the Constitution in the North; a war between right and wrong among ourselves; a civil war in every State and city of the land. We do not say a war to blood. For we will never abandon the hope that even this fierce dissension may be calmed, and reason and principle may govern while passion is struggling to get the mastery. But there is peril in the prospect before us. It is doubtful on which side is the majority in Congress. The President is sound, but he is not omnipotent. With humble confidence in God we wait the issue."

We are constrained to say that the New York *Observer*, from which we take the above extract, is one of the worst and most dangerous enemies of the Republic to be found in the free States; dangerous, not so much from the exercise of perverted talent as from the hypocritical cloak under which it instils its poison into the public mind. The New York *Herald*, and other disguised partisans of treason, carry in some measure the antidote with them. But *The Observer* is a semi-religious paper, and its catholic religious views give it a wide circulation. Its opinions on political questions are therefore received by religious people with less suspicion, as the honest convictions of conscientious men, and with many who do not take the trouble to examine for themselves, are assented to because *The Observer* says it. But even these credulous people, if they have read *The Observer* for the last year, cannot fail to remark how steadily and persistently it has sustained every proposition tending to preserve and perpetuate slavery, and opposed everything looking to its overthrow. It has been a cordial indorser of every compromise measure that tended to extend slavery, and to chain it eternally to the Constitution of the Union. It denounced as enemies to the Union the Republican members of Congress who refused to accept these compromises; and was especially delighted with the Crittenden Compromise, which carried slavery to the Pacific. We may safely challenge the production of a paragraph in that paper, favoring, in any manner, restriction or abolition of slavery, even where the constitutional power of Congress to do so is unquestioned. Latterly it has suffered intense distress in apprehension that the results of this rebellion might break the fetters of the slave. In the paragraph above quoted *The Observer* seems despondent. It is not terrified by the hosts of England and France, or even a whole world in arms against us; it would only be a morning's pastime to annihilate them; but the great battle, the awful battle which is to preserve or destroy the Union, is not to be by the army on the Potomac, or in Kentucky, or on the coast, but in Congress, acting as a debating school upon the question—"*What is the object of the war?*" If it shall decide that the object of the war is to restore the Union with slavery, it has joyful hopes of success, but if Congress shall decide, the object is to restore the Union *without* slavery, or by overthrowing slavery, *The Observer* is in tears and despair. The professed object of its tender solicitude is the "Constitution." It is quite affecting to witness the fervor of its love for the "Constitution," especially that portion of it which is supposed to shield slavery from the execration of mankind. The other portions of the Constitution are not so sacred. The President's call for troops, the suspension of the writ of *habeas corpus*, the proclamation of martial law, the forcible seizure of private property, and many other things forbidden or not sanctioned by the Constitution, do not seem to affect *The Observer* seriously, but the idea of confiscating the slaves of rebels, as a means of crushing the rebellion, throws it into violent hysterics. According to *The Observer*, the "zeal and energy" with which we may carry on the war has "nothing to do with the prospect of success." We may safely repose in our camps on the Potomac, and "leave the issue with Providence," if Congress decides that slavery shall be maintained with the Union, but if Congress decides the "object of the war" to be to maintain the Union, even if it shall be necessary to emancipate every slave of traitors in arms, then we expect no aid or countenance from Providence or *The Observer*. Not only so, but in that case *The Observer* predicts a "new war between the friends and enemies of the Constitution (meaning slavery) in the North, extending to every State and city of the land." It hopes, while it evidently expects it will be a war of "blood." We remember that the New York *Herald*, before the taking of Sumter and until it had a lecture from certain citizens of New York, predicted that we must fight a battle with pro-slavery partisans at the North before going South, but have since heard nothing of it until now.

It is sad to see a paper, professedly religious, prostituting its columns to an attempt to misrepresent facts and deceive the public; for such is the intended effect of the article from which we have quoted. This is, we admit, a harsh accusation; but its truth is unquestionable. *The Observer* asserts that there is a battle raging in Congress, whether the object of the war shall be converted into a mighty John Brown raid or the holy purpose of restoring the Union. In other words, whether the *object of the war* shall be the abolition of slavery or the restoration of the Union. This is not true, and we challenge *The Observer* either to produce from the proceedings of Congress evidence of its allegations or stand convicted of wilful lying. We affirm that the confiscation or emancipation of slaves has not been proposed in Congress as the *object of the war*, but only as a means of successfully crushing the rebellion and thus restoring the Union. The confiscation or emancipation of slaves has not been proposed or supported in Congress in contravention of the Constitution, but upon the ground so eloquently and forcibly mentioned by John Quincy Adams, that *it is constitutional as a means of crushing the rebellion.* If this is not true, let *The Observer* bring forward the proofs, and in doing so, will it inform its readers whether in its opinion Congress has the power to confiscate or emancipate the slaves of rebels?

It seems to us that *The Observer* is quite as anxious to preserve slavery as to preserve the Union, and that its chief apprehension is that the Union may be restored by the abolition of slavery. We infer from the above article that so long as the object of the war shall be to perpetuate slavery, the army may be disbanded and leave the issue with Providence; but that otherwise we can expect no help from that source. *The Observer* has evidently no expectations, if it has any desire, that the Union shall be restored unless slavery shall be also preserved, for in a subsequent article it says:

"For ourselves, we frankly admit that the *hope* of the country in prosecuting the war, is, under God, upon the constitutional sentiment pervading even the South, and that the army is going forward to reassure the spirit, and bring the whole country back to the enjoyment of all their rights under the present Constitution."

He trusts in the constitutional sentiment prevailing among the *rebels*, and expects that as the army move South they will all join us in renewed love and veneration for the Constitution, with *all* their rights. *The Observer* waits for this in humble dependence on God, as though that being could bless a war to perpetuate slavery. Jefferson did not think so. His language was: "I tremble for my country when I remember that God is *just*, and that his justice cannot sleep forever. * * * The Almighty has no attribute that could take sides with us in such a contest."

THE FORT DONELSON CAPTIVES.

CHICAGO, Monday, Feb. 24, 1862.

THE great sensation of the week with us has been the arrival of several thousand rebel prisoners—a part of the fruits of the victory of Fort Donelson. There has been much curiosity among our citizens to see these specimens of Southern chivalry, and as most of them were obliged to march some three miles from the depots to the camp, this feeling has been pretty extensively gratified.

Those already arrived are principally Tennesseeans, Texans, Mississippians, and a few from Virginia. As to their appearance, nothing but the graphic pencil of "our own special artist" from *Harper's Weekly*, could do them justice. Their costumes are in every variety of style, fashion, and material. They represent to the life, the "poor white trash" of the South, as we have seen it described. The backwoodsmen, with their jeans and butternut-colored stuffs, predominate. All their head-gear would come under the appellation of a "shocking bad hat." Add to this that they were worn and dirty, and you can form some idea of the *tout ensemble* of this portion of the rebel army. Overcoats were scarce, and in their places were blankets of every description, worn as shawls, and of these, those made of carpeting appeared to predominate. The men appeared pinched and hungry, as if they had been upon short commons for months. From the hardships they have recently endured, the general appearance of the men was wretched, and called forth an involuntary feeling of pity in the hearts of all who saw them. They had all the outlines of poor, ignorant and deluded men, who have been seduced into the rebellion by their demagogue leaders.

In conversing with them in the camp, this idea is more than confirmed. The Tennesseeans, especially, are heartily sick at the part they have acted, and do not hesitate to declare that they were forced or deluded into taking up arms. The most false and abominable representations were made to them, and being mainly unable to read, they were not able to detect the baseness of the men who led off in the rebellion. I give below a few specimens of their talk. The Mississippians are dogged, and "their voice is still for war." The Texans, most of them, give up all as lost.

I came to a middle-aged man, who was evidently a small farmer or backwoodsman, and accosted him:

"Well, my good fellow, how do you like your Northern trip?"

"Wall, I kinder like the looks of the country round here. I'm seven hundred miles from my kin, but if they were here I would never go back."

"I suppose you were told dreadful stories about us Yankees, and almost expected to be skinned alive?"

"That we war; and when Lincoln's soldiers hobbed-a-nob with us on entering Fort Donelson, instead of running us through, we were astonished—that we war."

"When you get back to your homes, you must speak a good word for us among your neighbors."

"I will that, see'n I've been treated perfectly gentlemanly."

To another—a Virginian—I remarked, "How about Floyd?"

"He is good to take care of himself. I followed him 180 miles on a retreat in Western Virginia. He ain't much thought on down our way. If he escapes the Lincoln's, I shouldn't wonder if he fared hard from some of our fellows."

I asked another if he was not ashamed to fight against the Union, and the government which has done so much for them.

He replied, "I never fought agin the Union, and I never will."

"What were you doing at Fort Donelson?"

"I hugged the ground closer nor ever I did before in my life."

"Yes," peeped up a little shrill voice by his side, "and you ran three miles to get out of the way. You ran till you got tired, and then sat down and rested, and ran again."

"Were you forced into the army?"

"Wall, no, not exactly forced; I knew I would be, so I jined. I thought I'd feel better to go myself!"

"What do you expect to gain by the rebellion?"

"We find our leaders have lied to us. Our big men wanted to get rich and get into office, and so they have got us into this mess by their lies. We have nothing agin the old flag. All we want is our constitutional rights, according to the instrument under which our forefathers lived. They told us that the election of Lincoln would deprive us of these, and we believed them. But we now know that they were lies."

I came across a contraband, with a huge, broad-brimmed hat, a flaring, yellow neck-tie, and nondescript clothes.

"Well, old fellow, how do you like it up here?"

"Oh, fuss rate, massa—fuss rate, now—yah—yah—yah."

"Then, you did not like it as well at the fort?"

"I was scart mos to def with the whizzing of the shells, and the smashing of the big balls, and I got close down behind the logs—yah—yah—yah."

Another said that they had been made to believe that the Northern army was composed of negroes and Germans, and they were perfectly amazed when they come to see the National soldiers and find them whites and mostly Americans. By the way there is quite a sprinkling of contrabands among the prisoners—$20,000 worth, I should judge.

Some ladies came into the hospital while we were there. One of them—Mrs. Judge Fuller—remarked to them:

"You have been wrong to rebel and to attempt to overthrow the best government in the world; but you are sick, and we cannot see you suffer."

At this one man broke down into a regular and hearty cry. "I never expected this," he said; "we have been told that we should be harshly treated. I never expected any one would care for me again; but I have found nothing but kindness. God bless you."

Another said that they might as well give it up. It was of no use to fight any more. If the leaders were wise, they would make the best terms they could, before they were compelled to submit unconditionally.

A Mississippian—hearing a Tennesseean talk of giving up the contest—said very energetically, "Give it up, never. If I could get out of here to-morrow, I should go into the fight again. Jeff. Davis will never give up this contest so long as he has old Mississippi to back him."

I have no doubt that eight, out of every ten of the prisoners, would give us no more trouble, if liberated. Many of them are indignant at the manner in which they have been deluded and imposed upon, and would enter the Union army and do good service, if permitted. But, as there are plenty of good men and true, who are above suspicion, the experiment will not probably be tried. There is a general disposition on the part of our citizens to make them as comfortable as possible—looking upon the poor ignorant souls as so many victims of the wiles and intrigues of the Confederate leaders, who are really repentant of the folly and wrong of which they have been guilty.

OUR PRESENT DANGER.

From The St. Louis Democrat.

THERE is a danger, insidious indeed, but for that reason requiring to be guarded against with vigilant care. Whenever plans of pacification and adjustment are proposed, we shall find an attempt to give to slavery new concessions and new guarantees. Plausible appeals will be made to the loyal States, not to press the victory or to humiliate the vanquished, but to propitiate "our misguided Southern brethren," and woo them back to loyalty and fraternal union. Something of this kind has been attempted in the conduct of the war itself. There were persons who urged that our military officers should make it their prime duty to pursue, catch and restore the slaves of rebel masters, in order, forsooth, to demonstrate that this was not an abolition war. So, whenever the day of peace and settlement comes, the loyal people of the Union will be asked to humble themselves before the rebellious Slave Power and offer it privileges, franchises and exemptions which, with all its assurance, it did not claim before the revolt.

The end of the war will be the beginning of adroit diplomacy. The loyal States are too powerful for the seceding South to contend with in the field. But the latter are skillful in contests of another sort. Whether in framing party platforms, or shaping measures of legislation to their own purpose, they have always been an overmatch for their slower and less cunning opponents. Add to this the advantage they possessed in having among ourselves a considerable party, who value the Union indeed and stand firmly by the Union. Their conception of both is that *slavery* is their sole end and object—that the Union is valuable because without it there would be no rendition of slaves, and that the Constitution, instead of being designed to "secure the blessing of liberty," was framed solely to insure the master against the possible loss of his slaves. In consonance with this theory, they would make any amendments which the interests of slavery might require.

Now, we imagine, the American people have profited somewhat by the experience of the past year. They are not likely to rate so high the benefits which the Slave Power has conferred upon them as to be willing to offer it more political strength and resources, to be employed in another rebellion. They will be apt to desire such a settlement as may assure them that this battle between slavery and freedom is not to be fought over again by their children.

THE FORT DONELSON BATTLE.

CAIRO, Wednesday, Feb. 19, 1862.

THE battle continued three days, commencing on Thursday and ending on Saturday at dark, but on this last day it was most general. Thursday was very cold, the mercury being only 10 deg. above zero; and during the night it sleeted and snowed, as it did also the following night. Friday was warmer; still it froze all day, and the snow did not melt till after the fort surrendered.

The distance between the two armies during the three days in many cases was so slight that we could not bring off our dead, and the wounded who could neither walk nor crawl remained where they fell till Sunday morning, some even till late that day. A prisoner told me that some Germans lay wounded before their earthworks on Friday night, calling for help and water, and that they went out to bring them in, but it being moonlight our men fired on them, and they were obliged to go back. It was early Sunday morning before they ventured out again, when they brought them in. They were still alive, but blue with cold and covered with frost and snow. They did what they could for them, but it was not much, and for this reason: For a week they had been guarding their earthworks, three miles in length, and from Thursday they had been out in force, night and day; many of them in the rifle pits froze their feet and hands. On the boat I saw young officers whose slaves pulled off their stockings, and as they did so the skin from various parts of their feet came along with them. In passing from their works to their quarters they frequently had to wade slues waist deep, and then lay down to sleep in their wet clothes. The least result was violent cold. In addition, our gun-boats kept them in constant alarm, and their artillerists were worn out with constant watching.

The 11th Illinois, suddenly coming upon the enemy, was forced to retreat beneath an awful shower of balls. The Major then called for volunteers to bring off the wounded. Twenty or thirty started, crawling, and they brought off a few, but some of them were wounded in the attempt. Again volunteers were called for, and they approached amid an awful fire, when one of our wounded beckoned them away. The attempt was madness. Just then the leaves took fire, and, covered by the smoke, our men rushed in and saved a few more, but the clothes of these had taken fire, and some perished miserably. Those who were left, of course, perished.

Gen. Grant ordered that no fires should be built at night, but fires were built, and they illumined the woods for miles. It would have been merciful, if, at the close of each day, we had been permitted, under a truce, to bring off our wounded; but it was not so, and they lay in the frost and sleet between the two armies—many to hear, but none to help them.

The severity of the cold is well illustrated by the statement made by our field officers, who rode from post to post during the night, that in the morning their clothes were so stiff, that could they have been taken off they would have stood alone. It is doubtful whether suffering was greater, though it was longer, in the retreat of the French from Moscow. Let no one hereafter say that our soldiers are paid too much.

Most of the horses of many of our batteries were shot down. They had been well trained and stood fire well. The horse is the most intelligent of all animals. He has a thinking eye, it sparkles with inquiry as you approach him. He loves music, and in the horrors of battle he is not afraid. Herodotus calls the horse a stranger, perhaps because he was so little understood. Saturday morning, when the enemy came out in heavy columns with knapsacks on, and three times were driven back with tremendous slaughter, some batteries were ordered to positions which the enemy had a little while before occupied. The horses hesitated not to tread on the wounded, dying and dead, and the ponderous artillery wheels crushed limbs and skulls. It was an awful sight to behold weak, wounded men lifting their feeble hands beneath the horses' hoofs. Sighs at least are due to the noble horses which fell in this battle. Going over this part of the field on Sunday, where the dead lay thickly, and where the track of the artillery could be traced, some words of the old poet come to mind:

"So the fierce coursers, as the chariot rolls,
Tread down whole ranks and crush out heroes' souls,
Dashed from their hoofs, while o'er the dead they fly,
Black, bloody drops the smoking chariot dye;
The spikey wheels through heaps of carnage tore,
And thick the groaning axles dropped with gore."

The town of Dover, containing perhaps 100 houses, must be considered a part of the battle-field, as it was within the rebel lines. Every room contained sick, wounded, or dead men. The inhabitants had fled. Some of our soldiers were sacking it, contrary to express orders. I saw plates, knives and forks, and articles of fine female wearing apparel on the floor, bloody rags were everywhere, and often pieces of raw human flesh cut away by the surgeons, and you could not open a door without hearing groans. No matter how grand or how low, how retired or how public the house might be, it was all the same. Thunder and lightning, cholera or other pestilence, or the most awful earthquake could not have caused such a scene of horror.

On every hand were the evidences of poverty. Their two-wheeled ambulances were carts covered with white cotton cloth, and in every branch in which our army is supplied with permanent and scientific fixtures, theirs is supplied with temporary and barely sufficient ones. We have overrated their powers.

Shortly after Buchanan was elected, and Fremont was defeated, there was an alleged insurrection among the slaves in the Tennessee Iron Works. These iron works are around this very Dover! It is not known how many slaves were hung, but it is known, and well known, that many who were innocent were hung, and that some were shot without investigation or trial. Has their blood, crying to heaven the last five years, and have the silent, agonizing prayer of parents torn from their children, and husbands from their wives, for ten times as many years, at last been heard?—*Tribune.*

FROM THE NORTH CAROLINA COAST.

EDENTON, N. C., Feb. 12, 1862.

OUR steamers which are cruising in the Sound report seeing the negroes flocking to the shores in great numbers, waving their flags of truce, which indicates that they desire to be taken on board. They jump on logs, plank, rafts, and into little canoes and boats of every description, and paddle after our steamers with all their might. Of course we have not come supplied with food for all these poor, unfortunate creatures, nor ship-room to give them passage, nor have we work to give them while we are flying about with an expedition against this and that point; we could not find ship-room enough were we to employ all the steamers in the country to transport those that would come to us were we inclined to receive them. The first night our steamers were at Elizabeth City the river was full of their little canoes, and load after load of these poor creatures would paddle from boat to boat, begging to be received. The different steamers, of course, took all they could find employment for, and it was a hard sight to see how sad the others would feel who could not be received, as they with tearful eyes retraced their steps for shore, leaving their more fortunate companions among kind friends, whom they would perhaps never see again.

The entire slave population all through this section has become, I am informed, so demoralized on hearing of the arrival of the Union forces here, as to be utterly regardless of the wishes of their masters in every respect, and when a slave is asked to work by them, he promptly answers that he has now "got his time," and will work no more for his master. As slaves, they are henceforward worthless. Such will be the case wherever our army goes.

Mr. Robinson, who has sought our protection, informs me that he has been at this place some six months, unable to get away. He has a suit of black clothes on, the cloth of which was made by a lady here; the warp is cotton, with a little wool promiscuously thrown in, having much the appearance of black beads strung on white thread, which of course will only hold together for a short time, and this is called the best cloth that can be manufactured in this section of the country, and those who can secure a suit of this home-made stuff, who are one out of a hundred, consider themselves extremely fortunate. The people, as a general thing, are in rags, with their last suit on their backs, which was left them when the rebellion broke out. They are in the utmost destitution, and suffering keenly for the necessaries of life. Coffee is entirely out of the question; it could not be had at $2 per pound. Salt equally as scarce, while boots and shoes will bring most any price, the former as high as $25 or $30 per pair.

The Southern women lack the ingenuity of our Northern women, and appear to be as helpless as children, who with folded hands sit staring starvation and want in the face. Should this war continue for six months longer, Heaven only knows what will become of the Southern people.

Mr. Robinson says that nearly all of the people in these counties would move to the North if they could get away, and that great dissatisfaction exists among the soldiers, who are like the citizens, in rags and suffering for the want of enough to eat. As for pay, all they have received thus far is shinplasters, which is nothing more than brown paper with a few letters on one side, which any one could strike off that had a printing press; in fact everybody appears to be privileged in manufacturing as much of this trash as they desire.

Serious apprehensions are entertained for fear of an insurrection at this point, and in order to allay the fears of the people, and prevent the blacks from rising on their masters, Capt. Murry, in command of this squadron, addressed a few words to the negroes, who in multitudes stood upon the wharf with their eyes full of mischief, as if they were only waiting for the word to commence the bloody work.

Capt. Murry told the blacks, in presence of the citizens, that "they must not lift up their hands against their masters, if they did he should come back with his great guns and shoot them all, and that they must all go home and be good boys, that he would have nothing to do with them." This appeared to allay the fears of the citizens to a great extent, and brought forth many expressions of gratitude from the authorities, and if there was

young crocodile to command attention, after a hearty laugh, he said, "Don't distress yourselves any more, my humble friends. After this there shall be fair wages in all the brickyards."—*Tribune.*

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1862.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "EDITOR OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 5 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "PUBLISHER OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 5 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

AMERICA'S COMPLAINT OF ENGLAND.

NOTHING is so hard as to convert those holding opinions the opposite of our own to our own way of thinking. Especially when these opinions, as almost all earnest ones are, are mixed up with passions, either private and particular or public and general. It is not wise to undertake the task. The Inquisition, the Star Chamber and the Court of High Commission, armed with power of life and limb, having failed to accomplish the conversion of those differing from the opinions they thought should be universal, we do not feel equal to the task of changing the views of our British friends as to the American question, by our simple powers of statement or of logic. We shall not make the attempt. But when persons of the cosmopolitan views of our best friends in the British Islands, who have seen eye to eye with us for so many years, and understood so exactly all the niceties of our movement, when they differ so widely from us in the way in which we regard the recent conduct of England towards this country, perhaps it is no more than due to ourselves and the respect we feel for them to state, in as few words as possible, the sense which the average of intelligent Americans have of the course of the English government, press and people. We do not propose to argue any of the points at large; but simply to state them.

It is, then, the very general opinion among us, that the public sentiment of England is hostile to the United States and friendly to the Confederate insurgents. We know how large a minority are warmly with the nation in its struggle for its integrity of territory and for its existence. We have honored the course of the London *Star* and *The Daily News*, and of many other journals which have ranked themselves on our side. We have admired the eloquence of Mr. Bright, of Mr. Thompson, of Mr. Caird, and of many others who have spoken strong words in our behalf. But though this minority of the nation is large and most respectable, we apprehend that it is but a minority. We conceive that the majority, from various impulses, are not with us but against us. We cannot give all our reasons for this belief, private as well as public. But such potential voices as those of *The Edinburgh Review* and *Blackwood's Magazine*, of *The Times* and *The Saturday Review*, we fear drown the utterances, however able and emphatic, of our friendly advocates in the general ear. And it is not that these powerful organs direct public sentiment, so much as that they reflect it, that we regard their sayings as so material to the matter. We know, for example, none better or on better authority, that *The Times* is not regarded with more esteem by the intelligent classes there than the New York *Herald* is here by the same sort of people. The utter want of principle and absolute unscrupulousness of the London Thunderer can only be equalled by our mendacious contemporary. But the difference between them is just this: *The Herald* does not propose to reflect the public sentiment of the nation, but only that of the very worst and most abandoned portion of it, whereas *The Times* designs to express the average feeling of England on the day that it appears. It is intended that, when the *patres-familias* of England open *The Times*, with their eggs, at the breakfast-table, they shall see the reflection of their own opinions and prejudices, at that particular moment, looking back into their faces from its ample editorial columns. And with all its immense ramification of correspondence nothing is easier than to gather up this average sentiment of the nation. And if, as has happened, it has found itself mistaken, we all know the velocity with which it can turn its coat. When, therefore, we see this great reflector of public opinion returning but one image from all the convergent rays of the British Islands, and that without change or shadow of turning, we have been compelled to believe that it does but too truly represent the national feeling to us-ward. And so as to the other able periodicals we have named. Even *Punch* means to express the opinion of London for that week, and as he has not changed the tone of his fool-born jests on our subject in many months, is it unfair to suppose that he really does what he certainly means to do?

Nor have we been able to discern a friendly spirit on the part of the British government, such as we had a right to expect in our struggle with rebellion. The swift acknowledgment of our rebels as belligerents was a gratuitous act of encouragement to them. The idea of one of our correspondents that the government could not have done otherwise without engaging in the war does not appear to us tenable. It was by no means necessary that it should have treated the rebel privateers as pirates, if they did not choose to do so. And this was the only possible chance of collision between Queen Victoria and Jefferson Davis. All that was necessary was to deny ships sailing under his commission, unrecognized by any power, the right of harbor and refreshment in British ports, unless in case of shipwreck. So as to the Trent affair, we have been compelled to think that the popular excitement and the governmental action in England sprung rather from sympathies than from principles. For the arrest of Mason and Slidell we hold was in conformity with international law as held good by England—and this in spite of the State paper which Lord John Russell's law officers provided him with. It is a legal proverb that there never was an Act of Parliament through which a clever lawyer could not drive a coach-and-six—how much more through law made by other lawyers? Capt. Wilkes having taken the responsibility, on English law authorities, of making the arrest, the President properly waited to see whether the Queen's ministers would abide by them when they went against them. He had lawfully the custody of those rebels until the question of the legality of their capture was decided. He had a right to expect that Lord Russell might say, "We admit that we are excluded by our own precedents from complaining of what has been done. Keep your men, but let us agree that, hereafter, neutral ships shall be respected." Being mistaken in this expectation, he delivered the men to Lord Lyons, with entire consistency with our ideas of what public law ought to be. We think we remember an instance of two English engineers being seized and imprisoned by Bomba, not many years ago, under circumstances much more exasperating in their nature, whose case called for no corresponding popular emotion, and certainly for no armed interposition. Are we to be expected to believe that Slidell and Mason are dearer to British hearts than their own fellow-subjects? There must be a reason for the difference.

The last action of Lord Russell in letting the Nashville loose upon our commerce appears to us to be one as nearly approaching open hostility as a power professing neutrality could commit. The sensibilities of England, it seems, could not endure the idea of the chastisement of the Nashville by the Tuscarora within sight of the shores of England! But these sensibilities had borne with equanimity the sight of a helpless merchant-ship in flames, set by that piratical craft! And, after being received and recruited, and fitted for sea, the Ministry order that she shall have twenty-four hours law, while her pursuer is kept in port by force, that she may have an undisturbed opportunity to rob and burn more of our merchant-ships! This really does look to us as near being accessory before the fact as anything can do. Should lives and property be destroyed by that corsair, we hold that the responsibility rests on Lord Russell and the British Ministry. Suppose the King of Delhi or Nana Sahib had been able to equip a couple of craft and send them out to prey on British commerce, and had one of them taken refuge in one of our harbors, and a royal steam frigate arrived in chase, what would the English government and people have said had we put them on a perfect equality, and compelled the Queen's ship to let the pirate have a day's start of her? And, yet, where is the difference between the two cases?

We state these opinions and feelings as those which prevail in the Northern States, among all persons whose sympathies are not with the revolted States. The Abolitionists, generally, share in them, with greater sorrow than most of their fellow-citizens, but not with less earnestness. We have made the statement that our friends on the other side may understand what is the state of feeling of serious-minded, peace-pursuing people here, however we may fail (which we have not attempted) to convince them that it is correct. We have not room to speak of the bearings of this war upon slavery, which we meant should make the chief subject of this article, and must defer it till another occasion.

PRO-SLAVERY COALITION IN CONGRESS.

THE following paragraphs from the Washington correspondence of *The Evening Post* should arrest the attention of the friends of freedom throughout the country, arousing them to the most determined efforts to counteract the schemes of the unprincipled politicians who are plotting for the restoration of the Slave Power to its former supremacy in the administration of the government.

"Those members of Congres who favor such a policy against the rebellion as will make another impossible in this country for at least another half century are conferring together, so that some sort of organized action may be had, in and out of Congress, in favor of rigorous measures against *the cause* of the great rebellion. The Democratic members of Congress, with here and there a notable exception, are striking hands with the Border slave-State men and the so-called conservative Republicans, to defeat every bill reported to Senate or House affecting the institution of slavery. This formidable combination threatens to defeat the bill for the emancipation of the slaves within this District, the Territorial bill, as it is called—the bill from the Territorial Committees of both Houses providing for the occupation and government of the disloyal States—and even the Confiscation bill of Senator Trumbull, which is now under discussion in the Senate.

"If the press and the people do not keep a watchful eye on the proceedings of Congress, every one of these important measures will be defeated by this new coalition. It is composed of some of the best talent in the House, and it feels strong, because, on several small occasions in the House, it has already succeeded in carrying its point. Mr. Diven, of New York, is one of the leaders of the coalition, and several of the Pennsylvania and New Jersey members follow his lead."

We have before us a private letter from a member of Congress, from which we are permitted to make this extract:

"Events may soon open up a fulfilment of some of the predictions lately made by Mr. Conway of Kansas. If we win a few more battles like those of Roanoke and Donelson, the rebellion will crumble in and disappear faster than it started up, and the two Houses of Congress will be crowded with slaveholders, representing the States now in rebellion. This, you see, is 'the Union' arrangement. Then you will see, in the course of time, come to pass all the predictions of Mr. Conway. It will be the Slave Power returned, under new leaders, to do in time just what it did before. The Administration will go with it, and endeavor to tone down everything to it, and sink the whole question of slavery out of sight. And it may succeed for a time, and an Abolitionist be shunned like a wolf; because the men who sustain the anti-slavery agitation in Congress for so many years are now in the Administration, and when they go over, the agitation will drop until a new crop of agitators springs up. But the 'irrepressible' will not long be repressed, but will start up again, and the old war rage more fiercely than ever."

The people of the North may easily defeat this conspiracy for the reconstruction of the Union upon the old basis of slaveholding supremacy, if they will. The friends of freedom should bestir themselves at once, and make their voice heard on the floors of Congress in tones which will fill the conspirators with dismay.

THE BEST POLICY.

SOME days ago we happened to meet a gentleman whose name, as an advocate for emancipation, has been about the newspapers during the last few months. Being adjured, after the manner of public Americans, to define his position, he proceeded to do so by stating that he was as far as possible from an Abolitionist. He would have us distinctly understand that he desired the extinction of slavery *as a matter of policy*, having no especial objections to it on any other account. Whether the institution was *per se* beautiful or ugly he did not care to determine; but, as a practical man, he considered a longer toleration of it to be an economical blunder of the most fatal sort.

Now, let it be granted that different people must lead different lives, and come at truth from different positions. We read that fear first made the Gods, *primis in orbe Deos fecit timor*, and it is probably well that here should still be some driven to reverence through dread of temporal consequences. But for certain reasons, some of which were given last week, we consider this a very inefficient stimulus to that national regeneration for which time and opportunity are ready at our hands. It is almost a truism to say that the policy of any just action can be truly seen only by such as view it from a higher ground. The infinite expediency of doing right can hardly be suspected except by those who will do it for itself. As he who studies any branch of natural science finds the world full of illustrations of the importance of the speciality he has selected, so he who accepts any moral duty upon its intrinsic authority finds nature never tired of proving the temporal salvation which is its necessary consequence. Thus to those who think it of first importance to apply religious principles to the settlement of our national difficulties, history opens a thousand confirming instructions. What signify the sound and fury of brilliant victories, if there is no righteous purpose firmly behind them. The wide sway conquered by Alexander, a greater general than McClellan, hardly survived his own brief life. The first Napoleon, a military genius superior to Burnside or Butler, overran and wasted countries, as we may do the Southern States—but was he able to hold them? Neither of these historical conquerors was strong enough or wise enough to take from vanquished nations institutions and ideas which it was impossible to assimilate with those of the people he represented; and thus they wrought bloody labors to no end.

We know that a large class of liberal, well-meaning people do not share our anxiety as to the future before us. The better sort of parlor-talk and street-talk runs after this manner: "It is idle to fear that our last state shall be worse than our first. . . . Mark all these individual instances of courage and self-denial, of devoted labor and manly patriotism, that the war has called out. . . . It is impossible that all this should be for nothing. . . . In some indescribable way, which we need not trouble ourselves much about, we shall fall upon our feet. . . . And LIBERTY and Union will, somehow or other, turn out inseparable." Acknowledging a certain attractive plausibility in such hopeful views, we are unable to accept them. It is not by selected specimens, but by average character that the nations stand or fall. Whatever may be true for the individual, vicarious salvation is impossible for the aggregate. Who can show us a public instance of our State or National devotedness greater than the heroic stand of the Long Parliament? Have we private examples of daring and patriotism that may not be matched in the Roundhead opposition to regal usurpation? Is the poetry of our Whittier more pure and noble than that of their Milton? And yet, let us remember, at the close of the Protectorate, owing to the utter incompetence of public leaders, there was no averting the wretched Saturnalia of the Restoration.

And now what is our hope! It is, as ever, in the *moral power* which those who fight against Satan are permitted to wield. It is the knowledge that every man who has a personal sentiment against slavery may strengthen it to a religious conviction. To reapply another's distinction, it is not enough that the North should possess an anti-slavery belief; an anti-slavery belief must possess the North. With the prospect of military success a class of determined men again clamor for slavery, that it may be restored king over us. As no one but a lunatic can suppose that the Constitution requires the protection of property (else outlawed by civilization) of those in arms against it, it is evident that these men *do not accept the considerations of policy* so loudly vaunted. And they are right. Freedom is *not* the best policy for old party leaders who have long been nourished by slavery, and who, if it can be recalled, may again become its fatted minions at the North. Freedom is not the best policy for the underlings of such leaders whom slavery will lift to place and patronage. Freedom is not the best policy for any slave-catching General before whom the next Presidency glitters an attainable prize. Policy may be successfully parried by policy; but right cannot long be parried by wrong. Let anti-slavery men rather set before the people the everlasting shame, the incurable disgrace, the unpardonable sin of deliberately reviving the accursed institution in States where it has no longer a shadow of constitutional claim upon the nation. It is iniquity; and he who doeth it destroyeth—very possibly his own fortune—but most certainly his own soul. And so our conclusion is that the best policy is to say little about policy, but urge the Right from the claim God has given it upon the consciences of men. When we are able to convert an individual sinner by considerations of policy, it will be time enough to undertake the nation upon the same terms. But, as at present advised, our chief hope is in those who, in the language of Mr. Mill, "attach a sufficiently serious meaning to their Christian professions to consider a fight against slavery as a fight for God."

As our readers may be painfully aware, that commonplace of classical allusion, the hard fate of the mythological Fire-stealer, has lately done good ly-ceum duty in the mouths of politic orators. They have shown how this nation, snatching a divine afflatus from its founders, has been tied to the (small-produce-to-the-acre) Rock of Compromise, while the (anti-internal-improvement) Vulture of Slavery has preyed upon its (protective) Vitals. To which impressive picture we will only add, that its deliverers may not come as Economical Oceanitides who, as we read, could only condole with the bound Prometheus, being utterly unable to remit his sufferings.

*

THE CASE OF MR. GORDON.

MEMORIAL IN HIS BEHALF TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

To Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States:

ESTEEMED FRIEND: The memorial of a Monthly Meeting of the Religious Society of Progressive Friends, held at Longwood, Chester County, Pa., respectfully represents:

That the meeting was introduced into deep commiseration and regret, on hearing of the arrest and conviction of George Gordon, a minister of the Free Presbyterian Church and President of Iberia College, Ohio, for "resisting the process of the Fugitive Slave law" in that place, and his subsequent imprisonment for six months of *close* confinement in the County Prison at Cleveland, with a fine of three hundred dollars and costs, amounting in all (as supposed) to eighteen hundred dollars.

The memorialists would respectfully suggest, that the moral obligation and binding force of this law are questionable, not being founded upon those great principles of justice, truth, and humanity that should underlie all human enactments, to entitle them to the respect and observance of all impartial and conscientious citizens. It is a fact notorious, that no law upon the statute books has been so much denounced, or met such open and secret opposition and determined evasions as this, by the most moral and religious portion of the community, who are otherwise the devoted and steadfast supporters of law and order. In violating a law esteemed by so many of doubtful authority, all the clemency and humanity compatible with justice and the safety of society should be awarded the offender. In this instance we think the severity of the sentence beyond all reason, as it rested with the presiding Judge to determine the amount of fine and imprisonment. When we remember that the author of this law has been seized as a traitor, and most of the States for whose especial benefit the enactment was passed are in open rebellion against the government, and the very life of the country assailed by the Slave Power, we think it an outrage upon humanity and encouraging the common enemy, to continue in prison a man whose loyalty and sacred regard for law in other respects are undoubted. We therefore respectfully, but VERY EARNESTLY request an interposition on thy part, of the pardoning power for a remission of the penalty, and his restoration to liberty.

Signed, by direction and on behalf of the meeting, by

ISAAC MENDENHALL, } *Clerks.*
SARAH M. BARNARD, }

We publish the above memorial with pleasure, hoping it may have the effect to stir up other religious bodies to similar action.

THE AGENCY OF A NEGRO IN THE CAPTURE OF FORT DONELSON.—The following paragraph, showing the important part played by a negro in the capture of Fort Donelson, is from the Cairo correspondence of *The Tribune:*

"People at a distance have been at a loss to know how it happened that 15,000 of the rebels were captured at Fort Donelson. Of course, that number of resolute men, well-armed, well-disciplined, and well-officered, ought not to be taken by any force, however large. Why the rebels surrendered, when they might have made a much longer fight, or broken through our lines and escaped, is as much a mystery to our commanders as to any one else. On Saturday night, at the close of the fourth day's attack, they had no suspicion that the battle was over, but supposed the hard, decisive fighting remained to be done the next day. But during the night came Gen. Buckner's 'chivalrous' proposition for commissioners to decide upon terms of capitulation. While this was pending, the negro servant of one of the rebel officers in Floyd's Brigade made his escape from the Fort and came into our lines with intelligence that a portion of the rebels were leaving upon steamboats. This news was of the utmost importance; for Gen. Grant, learning that a part of the enemy were decamping, was encouraged to demand immediate and unconditional surrender much more confidently than if he had supposed there were still 22,000 rebels within the Fort. Afterward, while the negro was on his way down the river, an attempt was made at one of the landings in Kentucky to reclaim him as a fugitive slave, but our officers refused to give him up against his will. He is still within our lines, of course, in direct contravention of General Order No. 3, which requires that he should be kicked out. As Gen. Halleck has announced that any officer disobeying that order will be summarily punished, this seems to be a fine opening for him to begin. Whenever he does, however, either in this case or any other, some new light on the subject of public sentiment in the Northwest will be likely to penetrate even to *his* brain."

In spite of the prevalent determination to exclude the negro from all participation in the struggle to put down the Slaveholders' Rebellion, he seems destined by Providence to act an important part therein, and thereby to put his traducers to shame. In almost every battle he has rendered aid more or less important to the Union cause. How disgraceful it is to the military authorities that the loyalty of the blacks as a class is not recognized and rewarded by an opportunity to share with their white-skinned brethren the dangers and the honors of the conflict! All honor to the officers who dared, in violation of Gen. Halleck's orders, to protect the negro that braved so much to bring them important intelligence from the enemy's camp.

THE DISCIPLE.—Some of our readers may remember a small paper, bearing this title, that was published in Boston and Dover from 1841 to 1846, by Rev. ENOCH MACK. Its somewhat singular combination of mystical piety and practical reform made it very attractive to some intelligent and devoted workers in the field of philanthropy. Mr. Mack, having been for many years laboring as a missionary among the poor and neglected classes of our city population, has at length revived *The Disciple*, in the shape of "a quarterly paper, in witness for Christian Principle, Action and Estate." The first number of the new series bears date January, 1862, and the ensuing numbers for the present year will, we presume, appear in April, July and October. To the poor it is furnished gratuitously; to those who would buy the price is 5 cents for a single copy—20 cents for a year. If any of our readers, remembering their interest in the first series of *The Disciple* and desiring to aid a good man in his work, wish to order the publication in its new form, they should address the editor by mail at Harlem, N. Y.

MEEKNESS.

A SERMON FOR THE TIMES,

BY THOMAS VICKERS.

Preached at Music Hall, Boston, Sunday, Feb. 16th, 1862.

"Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth."—*Matthew 5: 5.*

SOME of the most precious utterances of Christ are contained in the Beatitudes. Indeed, I think almost the whole Gospel is there, did we but understand them rightly and fully—did we but understand *how much they imply*, as well as how much they distinctly express. Certainly some of them will be very dark sayings if we look solely to what is expressed. This, I think, is particularly true of that concerning Meekness. It is an utterance pregnant with meaning and profound truth—with a meaning and truth which it behooves every one to understand and take to heart. Let us try to penetrate that meaning; then, perhaps, we shall see its truth.

"Blessed are the meek!" And should any one ask what it is to be meek, Jesus says unto him—"Learn of me; for *I am meek* and lowly in heart." He who uses the term gives us at least some clue to its interpretation. Now, from the character of Jesus it will be pretty easy to determine what meekness *is not*. Ordinarily, when we speak of a man as meek, there is something rather disparaging about it. We mean that he lacks spirit, force of character, that he is timid, deficient in power of resistance, and is submissive in a cringing and unmanly sense. We feel that a meek man is unequal to great occasions—that emergencies crush him—that he is unable to "stand up for himself," or for anyone, or anything else. It needs no argument to convince us that the meekness of Jesus was not of this sort. We need only to look at His life to see what a mighty force was in Him—a power of resistance that made Him unconquerable, and a power of aggression that, when occasion required, seemed irresistible as God. We find that He was equal to any emergency—nay, that emergencies, the most trying and painful, only served to call out the Divine might that was in Him. We see that His meekness never prevented Him from attacking and exposing the sins and hypocrisies of His age. How terrible were His invectives: "Woe unto you, Scribes, Pharisees, Hypocrites!" He did not suppress the truth; He spoke it amid obloquy and scorn, oftentimes at the imminent peril of His life. He never failed to "stand up for God" and His truth and righteousness, as against the Devil and all lies and wickedness whatsoever. To such an extent did He come into conflict with the opinions and prejudices of His day that most men thought him "a fanatic." He was accused of Sabbath-breaking and blasphemy—charged with being in league with the Devil—even His own relations wished to confine Him as a lunatic. Thus do we see that meekness is not incompatible with an heroic vidication of Truth and Right, even in opposition to an "overwhelming public opinion" against what is right and true.

But if the meekness of Jesus was not what is popularly understood by that term, what precisely was it? Jesus was meek in that he was utterly forgetful of self. Reproaches, scorn, persecution, betrayal, even blows, did not awaken in Him an angry or revengeful spirit. Being reviled, He reviled not again; being cursed, He blessed. He could wash Judas's feet, though convinced that Judas would betray Him; and could take Peter to His bosom, though Peter had denied Him, with curses, in the hour of His utmost need. On the cross itself, in the agonies of a cruel and ignominious death, He could supplicate forgiveness from the Father for those, so vindictive and remorseless, who were taking away His life. Destitute of all pride or arrogance, of all self-seeking, though the pomp and circumstance of earthly sovereignty, conquest, and the praise of men, were at one time within His reach, He put all worldly honors under His feet, "made Himself of no reputation, humbled Himself, took upon Himself the form of a servant, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross."

Now, it is not too much to say that meekness is impossible to him who is servile and mean, who never felt a noble aspiration, who knows nothing of the dignity and grandeur of the soul, nothing of its sublime powers and capabilities.

"All noble thoughts in noble minds must take their rise:
The worm that hides in earth can never pierce the skies."

Meekness, then, is a heavenly habit of the mind, manifest in the conscious putting aside of self, in one who knows somewhat of his own power and worth, who feels within himself the stirrings of a lofty ambition, and yet prostrates himself before the transcendent truth of God, and counts all merely personal wrongs and sufferings as naught if only that truth may prevail. The meek man is he who dares do right at all hazards, and at whatever cost; who dares not dispute the supremacy of God's laws; who, having once heard the voice of God in the soul, goes whithersoever that commands, and through whatever disappointment, trial, pain, degradation, sorrow, loss, even though the road terminates at the cross, the gallows, or the stake.

But how—in what sense—shall the meek "inherit the earth"? Let us recur for a moment to the occasion on which these words were spoken. Jesus had yet uttered no word concerning the nature of His kingdom. The Jews—a proud, arrogant, vain-glorious, and selfish people—were writhing under the dominion of Rome. They had been looking for an earthly prince and ruler, under whom they should overthrow their oppressor and become once more a mighty nation, the mightiest on the earth. Through many centuries of shameful defeat, captivity and sorrow, the mighty Jewish heart had throbbed and flamed at the promise of future deliverance, and conquest and glory to follow. Lo, the hour had come! They were thronging in countless multitudes around Him who had been proclaimed Messias. He had chosen a number of men for some specific work, and the multitudes were waiting in breathless suspense for the first indication of His purpose. They were ready to spring to arms at a word—their hearts full of blood and carnage. This was a moment of awful import—the destinies of nations hung upon the words of that simple Child of God. "And He opened His mouth, and taught them, saying, Blessed are the poor in spirit; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are the meek; for they shall inherit the earth." These words were the inauguration of the "reign from above," and the hopes of that mighty multitude were dashed to the earth. It was not war and rapine that Jesus had come to inaugurate, but "peace on earth, and good will to men"; therefore, He pronounced no benediction upon the proud, the warlike, the avaricious, but upon the poor in spirit, the meek and lowly in heart.

The phrase "inherit the earth" was not uncommon among the Jews. It, doubtless, originally meant the inheriting of the Promised Land, and thence came very naturally to mean, in a general sense, the enjoyment of the favor and blessing of God. But the words have, no doubt, a more direct meaning than this—a meaning suited to the occasion on which they were uttered. Jesus, I think, meant to say directly and expressly, "In the great future, the dominion *of this world even* is not to men of such a spirit as yours. The only kingdom which can endure must be established upon Truth, Righteousness, Peace, Love." I think this is the meaning and the great truth at the bottom of His declaration. This is the truth which is ever more and more working itself out in the history of the world. Century after century this truth is proclaimed by the course of injustice, in its rise, decline, and fall. For a moment wrong and outrage erect themselves in power above the surrounding waters, but the great sea of God sweeps over them and they are seen no more.

I have said that the great example of meekness is Christ, and that in the visible coming of His kingdom through the ages appears the sublime truth that "the meek shall inherit the earth." But in order that we may see that such meekness is within the reach of all, and that the promise is true in every age and clime, I wish to point out some remarkable instances of it in our own day and land.

A little more than thirty years ago the great thought of human liberty—of the brotherhood of man—entered into the soul of a poor, but rarely-endowed and pure-minded youth. In the language of Mary Howitt: "At once the enormity and folly of the great national sin of slavery, and the outrage practised through it upon humanity, burst upon his soul, and a new purpose and aim was given to his existence. A burden of human woe was laid upon him, and he vowed thenceforth to consecrate his life. . . . . to the deliverance of his enslaved countrymen." His star of worldly honor and profit was just on the ascendant—his great talents were becoming known—he was sought after, and placed in positions of honor and responsibility; but no sooner had this idea possessed his soul than all his own personal ends were prostrate before it, and he resolved at the sacrifice of friends, reputation, material comfort and well-being, even of life itself, if that were necessary, to be faithful to it. Through long and painful years of the most bitter persecution—despised, calumniated, spit upon, and trampled under foot—he labored on—he, too, "giving his life for the ransom of many." A noble, gentle, pure, unselfish, child-like nature, he has meekly endured the appointed conflict, returning good for evil, and bravely toiling onward to the wished-for goal. A single incident from his life will illustrate it all. In the year 1835, in Boston—the cradle of liberty—an infuriated mob of "gentlemen of property and standing" broke up a meeting of the Ladies' Anti-Slavery Society, and seized this noble man, who had accompanied his young wife thither, and amid inhuman yells and outcries put a rope around his body wherewith to drag him through the streets. Hundreds rushed upon him, tearing his clothes from his body, pelting him with stones and brickbats, as they hustled and dragged him along. It seemed as if nothing but blood would satisfy them. One of his friends rushed forward with arms in his hands ready to defend him. Here was the test. Mark the words of this Christian hero. "My dear brother, you know not what spirit you are of. This is the trial of our faith. Shall we give blow for blow, and draw sword against sword? God forbid! If my life be taken, the cause of emancipation will not suffer. God reigns, and His Omnipotence will at length be victorious!"

Rarely have such words as these been spoken at such a moment by mortal man. It is said that amid this terrible scene nothing could exceed the divine calmness and steadfast courage of this brave man. His countenance was illumined like that of Stephen—"something awfully beautiful in its serenity." Death stared him in the face, but it was not repulsive; he declared it "a blessed privilege to suffer thus in the cause of Christ." He was at last saved by being lodged in prison. These are a part of the words which he wrote upon the walls of his cell: "William Lloyd Garrison was put into this cell on Wednesday afternoon, Oct. 21st, 1835, to save him from the violence of a respectable and influential mob, who sought to destroy him for preaching the abominable and dangerous doctrine that all men are created equal, and that all oppression is odious in the sight of God." This is the spirit in which this great man has labored for the overthrow of the "sum of all villanies." He has used no weapons but those of the Spirit, has sought to injure no man, not even his direst foe; but, meekly and reverently before God, if also with great, flaming, prophetic words of warning and indignant rebuke, before men—he has sought to bring the tyrants and oppressors of America, the perpetrators of every fiendish atrocity, into subjection to the Heavenly Law. This is after the pattern of Jesus. Here we see the Christ once more.

But, as some men find a Christianity before Christ, a sort of dim foreshadowing of the divine reality, so we are told of a pre-Christian meekness. An old Jewish chronicler says, "Now the man Moses was very meek, above all the men which were upon the face of the earth." There are few declarations in the Jewish Scriptures oftener laughed at and ridiculed than this. Perhaps our laughter betrays our superficiality and folly more than our penetration or wisdom. Let no man who is not prepared to deny the sublime faithfulness of Moses scout at his meekness. No one, I think, who reads his recorded life and deeds will fail to see how faithful he was to the light given, that to him the will of God was all in all. His conceptions of God were doubtless very imperfect and in some respects very gross, so that he was led into many courses of action utterly unjustifiable by the standard of Christ, and utterly repugnant to the Christian conscience; but his whole life was the outgrowth of a deeply religious and faithful soul.

This by way of introduction to another incident in modern history.

It was but yesterday that John Brown, on being asked by a gang of thieves and murderers, calling itself a Court of Justice, whether he had anything to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon him, replied (as we are told by those who heard him), "in soft and tender, yet calm and manly, tones":

"This Court acknowledges, too, as I suppose, the validity of the law of God. I see a book kissed, which I suppose to be the Bible, or at least the New Testament, which teaches me that all things whatsoever I would that men should do to me, I should do even so to them. *I have endeavored to act up to that instruction.* I say I am yet too young to understand that God is any respecter of persons. I believe that to have interfered as I have done, as I have always freely admitted I have done, in behalf of His despised poor, is no wrong, but right. Now, if it is deemed necessary that I should forfeit my life for the furtherance of the ends of justice, and mingle my blood further with the blood of my children and with the blood of millions in this slave-country, whose rights are disregarded by wicked, cruel, and unjust enactments, I say let it be done."

I think we have here the key to the life of that Christian martyr. Again, a single incident is sufficient. Doubtless the same persons who ridicule the meekness of Moses will sneer when I speak of the meekness of John Brown. But I need not try to convince you that we have seen few such examples of complete devotion to the law of God. Grant that there was a Hebrew taint in his meekness. What we ask of all men is simply this, Be true to your highest convictions of duty—be true to your *ideal* of Justice, Mercy, Love—be true to all the light God has given you. Perfect submission to the will of God, and the consecration of all one's powers to the doing of that will, at whatever personal sacrifice—this is meekness.

When I began I said this subject fitly commemorates the day on which I speak. Seventeen years ago this morning, Theodore Parker first stood before you to preach and pray. My friends, need I ask any one of you what is the lesson of that ministry? Said Wendell Phillips, "The lesson of this desk is truth." Even so. The lesson of that ministry—yes, the lesson of that life—is meekness. A ministry so widely extended, having all the civilized States in the country for its field—a life so varied, so vast and grand—both proceeding from a soul all the powers of which were consecrated to the behests of the indwelling God. No reproaches, no scorn, no scoffs, no persecution, however malignant and cruel, could turn him from simple and whole-hearted adherence to the right. Let us say, in a word, that here was a man who reverenced the truth, who dealt justly though he loved mercy, and walked humbly with his God.

I have chosen these three men, whom you all know, as eminent examples of the crowning Christian virtue—a virtue without which all others go for little or nothing. I have sought thus to show you that meekness is not that compound of pusillanimity and cringing subserviency that most men take it to be. "But how about *the inheritance of the earth*'" asks one of the tribe of Sleeks and Mawworms. 'It was said that meekness shall be *successful* on earth as well as merely blessed in the sight of God." Not always, hardly ever *at first*, as men count success. True, Jesus was crucified—suffered the most ignominious death known to His time. True, John Brown was hanged—suffered the most ignominious death known to us. True, Parker is gone; and insane men and women congratulate each other and the nominally Christian world that their imprecatory and blasphemous prayers are answered. True, William Lloyd Garrison is not yet President of the free republic of America.

But, success! Is it nothing that the despised and crucified Nazarine has so taken hold of men's minds and hearts that He is now worshipped as the very God by every living, progressive nation in the face of the earth? Is it nothing that thoughts men even now see William Lloyd Garrison to be the regenerator of the nation? Is it nothing that

"John Brown's body lies a moulding in the grave,
His soul is marching on"—

is the battle-hymn of the republic that even a regiment of soldiers commanded by the drunken and debauched son of the most recreant of American statesmen sings this song as it marches down State street?

Success! Is it nothing that, from a certain Italian grave, the spirit of a genuine, devoted, self-sacrificing, religious life, comes forth to bless the world?—nothing that the mighty echoes of one voice are, in these distracting times, resounding in thousands of hearts, so that wherever the name of Theodore Parker is heard the spirit of Liberty goes forth counselling, cautioning, and inspiring men and nations?

Ours is no "lost leader." These are, indeed, two Theodore Parkers—one risen, charged "from glory to glory," runs somewhere in the realms of God, with beautiful and shining feet, to do His sovereign will—one here, where he yet lives in all our hearts a power and a prophecy—a power to encourage, to counsel, to inspire, to strengthen and sustain—a prophecy of the new triumphs that wait upon and invite faithful and earnest souls. Nay, my friends, is not Theodore Parker a power in this nation to-day—both in Church and in State? "Behold, a sower went forth to sow," and some seeds fell by the wayside, other upon stony places, other among thorns, but still other fell into good ground and brought forth fruit, some an hundred-fold, some sixty-fold, some thirty-fold. If some of the golden truth which fell from those eloquent lips fell by the wayside, upon stony places, and among thorns, how much of it has fallen into good ground, into minds and hearts ready and waiting for the blessed word, which word shall spring up into everlasting life.

I think you will now understand me when I say that meekness is the lesson for the nation at this hour. When will the nation learn it? When will politicians, who play their guilty game with the lives of our fathers, sons, husbands and brothers, learn that the law of God is above every law, and the right the only course that can prosper? Have we not tried the "good-God-and-good-Devil" policy long enough? Was it not said of old that no man can serve two masters? Either he will love God and hate Mammon, or he will cleave to Mammon and despise God. This is as true of governments as it is of you and me. Now, what I ask of the government of this country, to-day, is, that it begin to serve God, that it do the right at any hazard and at any cost. Well, men tell us that this is what the government is trying to do. We hear a great deal said, for instance, about the honesty of Abraham Lincoln—nay, we hear that he himself, could he be sure of the country, is in favor of emancipation! I am forcibly reminded of a little story my mother used to tell me. A great many years ago, a youth and maid were strolling through the woods at eventide; both were silent, finding no words to express their tender emotions. The birds were filling the air with the melody of their evening song. The silence of the twain was becoming decidedly embarrassing, when they chanced to pass beneath a tree on which sat two birds singing to each other. "Ah, Phœbe!" quoth the swain, "knowest thou what the little bird saith to its mate?" "Nay, Colin;" quoth she; "how should I?" "Then will I tell thee," quoth he. "The little bird saith to its mate, 'I love thee! I love thee!'" "Ah, Colin!" quoth she, "and the other bird answereth, 'Show it! Show it!'"

So, when, in the midst of this terribly embarrassing and destructive silence of the government on the one great issue before the nation, any one tells me that Abraham Lincoln is an honest man, that he loves the slaves, and would emancipate them if the country would only let him, I answer, "Show it! Show it!"

My friends, is Mr. Lincoln in favor of emancipating the slaves? Grant for a moment that he is. Why is he in favor of it? Because it is the right thing, the just thing to do? Let us do him the honor to suppose so. He thinks it right, then, and just, to emancipate the slaves, and has the power to do it, and yet dares not do it for fear the country will not support him! Is this the meek man, who, at all sacrifices does what is revealed to him as the right? Nay, rather is not this man a coward, a traitor to God and humanity? What is it to him whether the country supports him or lets him fall? Let him do the right, and leave the consequences to a higher ordering than his. This is the field upon which God has brought him, that his meekness may be tried.

Yes, this is the field upon which you and I, and all the nation, are passing in review before the all-seeing and all-just God. The standard, which is borne out upon the rude winter wind, bears this inscription: "Justice—the Will of God." O! that from all hearts might swell the song:

"Ride on, ride on triumphantly,
Thou glorious Will! ride on;
Faith's pilgrim sons behind thee take
The road that thou hast gone.

"He always wins who sides with God,
To Him no chance is lost;
God's will is sweetest to him when
It triumphs at his cost.

"Ill that He blesses is our good,
And unblessed good is ill;
And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be His sweet Will!"

TEACHERS FOR PORT ROYAL.

AMONG the passengers who left this port in the steamer Atlantic for Port Royal, on Monday last, were Edward L. Pierce, Esq., the Government Agent in charge of the plantations and refugees, and some sixty persons selected to aid him in his agricultural and educational enterprise. These persons were all recommended by the National Freedman's Relief Association, and its auxiliary, the Educational Commission, at Boston. Three-fourths of the whole number are men, who are to be the superintendents of the abandoned estates, and will direct the labors of the negroes, who are to be employed in such agricultural pursuits as cotton-culture and raising vegetables for their own support and for the use of the army at that point.

Twelve or fifteen of the passengers are ladies, who will become teachers of an Industrial School, which will be at once established at Port Royal, under the superintendence of Rev. M. French, of this city. Mrs. Sen

their high qualifications for the work, is much to be regretted.

N. R. Johnston, whose name will be found in the list of those from New York, is none other than our highly esteemed friend, the Covenanter minister, from Topsham, Vt. He went out as a missionary under the auspices of the Board of Missions of the Reformed Presbyterian Church. He has gone at a great personal sacrifice, solely from his interest in the welfare of the refugees, and deserves the warm sympathy and cooperation of the Abolitionists. Clothing sent to him for the refugees will be distributed under his own personal supervision.

Secretary Chase has recently sent a communication to Mr. E. L. Pierce at Port Royal, in acknowledgment of his Report on the condition of the "Contrabands." He gives his approval to the Report, and goes on to say:

"The whole authority of this Department over the subjects of your Report is derived from the fifth section of the act to provide for the collection of duties, and for other purposes, approved July 13, 1861, by which the President is authorized to permit commercial intercourse with any port of the country declared to be in a state of insurrection, under such rules and regulations as may be prescribed by the Secretary of the Treasury, who is himself authorized to appoint the officers needed to carry into effect such permits, rules and regulations.

"As incidental to this authority alone have I any power to sanction any measures for the culture of the abandoned estates in the Port Royal or any other district. It is, indeed, in the highest degree essential to commercial intercourse with that portion of the country, that the abandoned estates be cultivated and the laborers upon them employed. I do not hesitate, therefore, to continue your agency, with a view to the general superintendence and direction of such persons as may be engaged in such cultivation and employment.

"It is understood that an association of judicious and humane persons has been formed in Boston, which may act in concert or be consolidated with a similar association, in New York and other cities, and that, through the agency of these associations, or one of them, persons may be employed to proceed, with the sanction of the government, to take charge of the abandoned plantations under the general plan suggested by yourself, and which is fully approved by this Department.

"You will herewith receive copies of orders addressed to the Quartermaster of New York and the General commanding at Port Royal, directing that transportation and subsistence, with all other proper facilities, be afforded to the persons thus engaged.

"You will therefore receive applications for the employments indicated, and will select and appoint such applicants as you think best fitted, and assign each to his respective duty; it being understood that compensation for services to be rendered will be made by the Association, while subsistence, quarters, and transportation only will be furnished by the government, unless Congress shall otherwise provide. All engagements made by you will, of course, be subject to be terminated by the government whenever any public exigency shall require.

"As agent of this Department, you will also give all suitable support and aid to any persons commissioned or employed by these Associations for the religious instruction, ordinary education, or general employment of the laboring population.

"It is my wish to prevent the deterioration of the estates, to secure their best possible cultivation under the circumstances, and the greatest practicable benefit to the laborers upon them, and by these general purposes your own action will be guided.

"Reposing great confidence in your intelligence, discretion and benevolence, the Department confides this important mission to you with confident expectation of beneficent results. S. P. Chase, Secretary of the Treasury."

A large meeting to promote the welfare of the "contrabands" was held in Philadelphia, on Monday evening last, Rt. Rev. Bishop Potter in the chair. Addresses were delivered by Rev. Dr. Tyng and Prof. Lindsay of New York. Our Philadelphia correspondent will doubtless give some account of the proceedings in our next.

ANTI-SLAVERY PETITION.

One of the obvious duties of the Abolitionists, in the present national crisis, is that of petitioning Congress to adopt measures for the extinction of the cause of the rebellion, viz., slavery. While statesmen are the guardians of the Union, and politicians, naturally, are solicitous for the interests of their respective parties, the especial charge of the Abolitionists is now, as hitherto, the slaves of the country. The present condition of this nation, reaping the terrible harvest of its own sowing, furnishes us with new arguments to urge in the slave's behalf; or, at least, opens the eyes of the North to see the force of our arguments. The present hour is an eminently favorable one to urge upon Congress the duty of enacting justice towards four million of slaves. Those who would avail themselves of it by the circulation of petitions to that end, will find such petitions prepared for them at our Anti-Slavery Offices. We commend to the especial attention of the anti-slavery women of Pennsylvania the following form of petition, now ready for circulation, which may be obtained at the Philadelphia Anti-Slavery Office, No. 106 North-Tenth street, and also at the office of *The Friends' Review*, No. 109 North-Tenth street, Philadelphia.

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States:

The undersigned, women of , in the State of , believing that the cause of humanity and virtue will be advanced, and future difficulties in the National government effectually prevented by the extinction of slavery throughout our country, respectfully and earnestly petition that you will at an early day adopt such measures as, in your wisdom, you may think proper to accomplish this end.

The work of obtaining signatures to such a petition will prove to be far easier, now, than ever before in the history of our anti slavery enterprize; and they who undertake it may do so with a larger hope of receiving a favorable answer to their prayer than could have been reasonably entertained by such supplicants to Congress in other years. We trust that the anti-slavery women of the land will enter upon this work earnestly and thoroughly. Applications for petitions made to either of the above-mentioned offices will be promptly responded to. M. G.

MEETINGS IN WESTCHESTER COUNTY.

Chapaqua, Westchester Co., N. Y., March 3, 1862.

To the Editor of The National Anti Slavery Standard.

During the past week I have spoken five times on slavery in this (Westchester) County to good and very attentive audiences. At New Rochelle (where our excellent friends Joseph Carpenter and family reside) the weather proved extremely unfavorable, but not to the extent of preventing our meetings. We had in our meeting there on Thursday evening, among the most attentive auditors, *twenty* fugitive slaves, all of them noble looking, interesting and intelligent men and women. Their lively interest and keen appreciation it was most gratifying to witness.

Near the village of New Rochelle is the burial place of Thomas Paine. It is marked by a small monument, in a plain enclosure. Upon one side appears his profile, with his name and age. Upon the other three sides are quotations from his works cut in the granite. I copied, for your readers, the following:

"These are the times that try men's souls. The summer soldier and the sunshine patriot will, in this crisis, shrink from the service of their country; but he that stands it now, deserves the thanks of men and women. Tyranny, like hell, is not easily conquered; yet we have this consolation with us, that the harder the conflict, the more glorious the triumph. What we obtain too cheaply, we esteem too lightly; it is dearness only that gives everything its value. Heaven knows how to set a proper price upon its goods; and it would be strange indeed if so celestial an article as freedom should not be highly rated."—*Crisis* 1.

Thus speaks the great, far-famed, historic "Infidel" to every passer-by. Whatever may be said, *pro* or *con*, of his theological opinions, how infinitely superior is his estimate of Freedom to that of the Adamses, Lords, and the American Church and clergy generally!

I have spoken twice to good audiences and attentive listeners in this town. Horace Greeley's farm is located here. He has, I am told, expended much money upon it, and made many improvements. His dwelling is in the midst of a piece of woodland, of uneven surface, and though it is romantic, and in some respects pleasing to the eye, I have seen many places, much less expensive, which I should greatly prefer, combining more of excellence and beauty. The majority of the people of this vicinity appear to sympathize with Mr. Greeley and *The Tribune* in relation to the rebellion, its cause, and the conduct of the war. If not unqualified Abolitionists, they are prepared to listen candidly and very respectfully to the advocacy of the doctrines of uncompromising abolitionism. I find, however, in this County, not a few unscrupulous, pro-slavery sympathizers with reconstruction on the old basis of slavery. The number of reconstructionists is on the increase, especially since the recent victories, and unless their influence be counteracted by renewed vigor and earnestness on the part of the friends of freedom, or checked by early anti-slavery legislation at Washington, they will erelong be a formidable party for us to cope with.

My next meetings are to be on Long Island.

Aaron M. Powell.

LETTER FROM PARKER PILLSBURY.

Concord, N. H., Feb. 29, 1862.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

My last letter was a criticism on our government and people for their treatment of the African race, the free, as well as the enslaved.

The slave is "a nigger," and nothing else, to most people, North and South—and a nigger is a nobody more than any four-footed beast. It will take generations to outgrow the base, vulgar idea of his inferiority. Judge Taney's brutal decision in the Dred Scott case is really the law of the land. And it is sanctified, too, by the popular piety of the whole nation. Of peoples or populations, the blacks can scarcely be said to form any part. A nation is just so large with or without them, though they count up to millions. They must be hated, hunted like wild, or jolted and worked like domesticated beasts. So our government has ever held. So it holds to-day. In Richmond, Washington, at St. James's or the Tuileries, it is all much the same. A bale of cotton outweighs millions of men. Trade says, as from Sinai, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me."

With us, Constitutions, too, are more than all the "Law and the prophets." Christ and all the apostles are nothing in presence of our Revolutionary Fathers. Governmental Red Tape is stronger than the golden chain which should link heart to heart, nation to nation, and all hearts and all nations to God's throne Under the "*War Power*," we can (it is so held) abolish slavery. Under the Peace Power we cannot abolish slavery. The Constitution forbids! Tape ties our hands fast as iron chains hold the slaves. All our civilization, legislation and litigation, all our discussions and diplomacies, all our education and religion, even, cannot abolish slavery. They are the "Peace Power": and that holds slaves. It breeds, buys, sells, hunts, and kills slaves! It does all the evil and cruelty imgginable to them, but cannot free them. Only the "War Power" can emancipate! It is no longer the mission of the "Prince of Peace" to "preach deliverance to the captives." Therefore, all hail, Beelzebub, henceforth!

To our Church and government, what are justice, the law and love of God, and all the great, grand principles which constitute the under-pinning of the moral universe? What to them are all these sublime, omnipotent forces and energies of nature, working in all human hearts, like subterranean fires, throbbing in the bosoms of cherubim and seraphim before the throne, and heaving the breast of the Eternal One himself; uniting, like telegraphic wires, all globes and orbs and systems in the moral universe, the same yesterday, to-day and forever? What are these to men and nations who have not yet learned the difference between brutes of a day and immortal men and mind that can no more die than God, their Creator, can die? Where in our own country, North or South, are the laws, *irrepealable, unamendable*, of God and Nature, recognized? What State accepts them? What Church sanctifies them? In what school or seminary are they taught? And yet, what can be more certain than the ruin, sooner or later, of whoever or whatever disregards them? France, we read, voted God out of the universe, "and down with it." Our government only repeals His laws, or legislates in total disregard of them; and the religion vainly seeks to make all right with Him, by "days of fasting" and "concerts of prayer"!

The key to our whole character, as a people, is contained in the memorable blasphemy of Daniel Webster, "It is of no use for us to reënact the laws of God." As if destruction was not the certain doom of all who dare enact any others. "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but not one jot or tittle of the law shall fail," is the assurance of history, in all true Scriptures in all time. A poet said, "Order is heaven's first law." So, too, is law the first, last and whole order of heaven; of all heavens; of all earths; yea, and of all hells. Men sometimes say, boastful, thoughtless men, "be justice done, though the heavens fall!" as though the only way to keep the heavens from falling, in storms of righteous judgment, were not *to do justice* everywhere under them.

The "War Power" has made it possible for justice to be constitutionally done the long-outraged slaves. And yet the national honor is only concerned lest the tyrant and oppressor in the land should suffer harm and loss, if for once a kindly ear be turned to the slave, and an obedient ear to the demands of justice and of God. Our government has been a tyrant, cruel, remorseless, God-defiant in all its existence. Our fathers chained us to the juggernaut-car of slavery three generations ago, and no administration has dared sever the unhallowed bond. Nature, reason, justice, history, humanity, holiness, God, have all appealed in vain against the "solemn guarantees of the Constitution"! And now, the sword of civil war has cut this last red-tape Gordian Knot, and the government is still hesitating. What it claimed it *could not do* before, it *will not do* now. It knows not, it seems determined never to know, that the liberty of one single slave (not four million) is of more value than the continuance of all the Constitutions and Unions man ever framed.

Parker Pillsbury.

The New York Observer.—We ask the attention of our readers to the article on the first page, from the St. Louis *Democrat*, in which the pro-slavery character of the New York *Observer* is faithfully delineated in the light of its own utterances in relation to the war and its cause. We ask attention also to the extracts from the last mentioned journal under the Pro-Slavery head, especially to that in which the editor, under the most solemn professions of piety, avows the rankest Atheism, blasphemously declaring the support of the greatest sin and crime of the age to be the only condition on which the people of the North can expect the favor of God in the prosecution of the war! When *The Observer* says. "The war is waged to uphold the Constitution, *every jot and tittle of it*, what we like of it and what we do not, all that we have sworn to stand by, once and always," it alludes distinctly to the pro-slavery clauses of the instrument; it means to be understood as affirming that the rebels have forfeited none of their constitutional rights, that the North is still under covenant to stand guard over the plantations of the South, to catch and return fugitive slaves, and to put down slave insurrections; and it declares, in effect, that if we refuse to do these things for the benefit of the rebels, "we shall be traitors and covenant-breakers," and expose ourselves to "the peril of losing our helper, God." Is not this the very acme of treason against the government and of blasphemy against God?

Danger Ahead.—An intelligent friend in Washington, in a private letter, says: "Things are looking squally here in reference to emancipation by Lincoln or Congress. It may all come out right, but I fear not. It would seem as if the Republicans were going to ruin, as they are dividing on this question. Lincoln is for emancipation *if he cannot overcome the rebellion without*, but he is persuaded that *it can* be suppressed without resorting to such a measure."

The clouds gathering over the country are indeed black and threatening, and it behooves the friends of freedom to bestir themselves at once to avert the impending danger. How much longer will the people of the North be beguiled by the cry of "peace, peace"—"all's well, all's well"—"keep quiet, and trust to Providence to bring things right at last!" Is there no way to arouse the people from their guilty lethargy before it is too late, and to startle them into a realization of the truth that there *can* be no peace to a nation which cherishes such a sin as slavery? Is the voice of God in this Rebellion to fall in vain upon the conscience of a nation indurated by long complicity with oppression, serving only to aggravate its guilt and seal its destruction? Terrible questions these, involving the life or death of the Republic!

"Sifting In."—Our old friend Elizur Wright, who followed the clerical stampede out of the American Anti-Slavery Society in 1840, upon the ground that some of its leaders were in the habit of "sifting" their views on other subjects into their discussions of slavery, is now the Secretary of the Board of Insurance Commissioners of Massachusetts. In his report, recently submitted to the State Senate, he contrived to "sift in" his anti-slavery views in a way that made the staid conservatives of that body open their eyes with astonishment. Having occasion to describe the assets of the State Fire Insurance Company of New Haven, he spoke of a part of them as follows:

"What was left we found consisted of $138,100 of mortgages, nearly all *not on city property*, but on 24,000 acres of land lying in the mountainous wilderness of Northern New York, of little [other than historical] value [as holding the body of that honored patriot whose soul is now marching on, and will triumph as soon as the present war ceases to be waged wrong end foremost]."

C. G. Loring, a distinguished conservative, moved to expunge from the report the words included in brackets. We have not heard whether the motion succeeded or failed; but in either case the object of Mr. Wright is fully accomplished in the wholesome agitation produced by his allusion to the hero of Harper's Ferry.

Our Washington Correspondence.

Washington, March 3, 1862.

The most important event of the week is the adoption of a new article of war by the House of Representatives by a vote of two to one, said article providing that no army officers shall return fugitive slaves to their masters, under upon their doing so they are to be dismissed the service. Col. Blair, of the Military Committee of the House, introduced the bill, and Bingham of Ohio moved an important amendment stretching the wholesome legal provision over the officers of the navy. Thereupon ensued one of the most lively debates of the session—a pungent, exciting and most wholesome debate, in which Mr. Bingham, to use a military phrase, covered himself with glory. He was attacked by Diven of New York, Voorhees of Indiana, and others. Mr. Bingham brought in for illustration the case of a fugitive slave who swam the Ohio river to escape from bondage, and who came into one of our camps bruised and bleeding, to be sent back by some inhuman Colonel of a volunteer force. The story had a thrilling effect upon the House, and the bill as amended by Mr. Bingham was passed by a tremendous majority. The triumph is regarded here as a significant one, and it is believed that it is the first of a series upon the subject of slavery. Let us hope that this is the fact.

The opponents of emancipation have discovered a new dodge, under cover of which they propose to cheat the people and escape the responsibility of legislation on this subject. It is this: the Judiciary Committee of the House have discovered that Congress has no power to pass an emancipation act, but that it is the President alone, acting as Commander-in-chief, who has the power to interfere with State institutions as a military necessity. So the Judiciary Committee has voted to recommend that all confiscation and emancipation bills be rejected, leaving the entire subject to the care of President Lincoln. Numbers of Republicans will vote against all emancipation bills under the pretence that they believe the war power of abolishing slavery rests with the President and not with Congress. I am sorry to say it, but it is a fact, that if it is thus left with Mr. Lincoln, slavery will never be abolished in a single one of the disloyal States, and it is doubtful if any rebel property will be confiscated. In the Judiciary Committee of the House an attempt was made to recommend the House to lay all the emancipation bills sent to the Committee upon the table, thus entirely cutting off all debate and every chance to offer amendments. The only two men on this Committee who have proved themselves to be staunch anti-slavery men are Mr. Hickman and Mr. Bingham. Judge Thomas, of Massachusetts, most grossly misrepresents the prevailing sentiment of that State, I hear. Perhaps he has some scheme of his own for the abolition of slavery, but he refuses to stand with the anti-slavery members of the Committee, and has thus far given his influence to the pro-slavery side of the Committee. It looks now as if the new dodge would prevail. A majority of the House, it is feared, will vote that the power to interfere with slavery rests with the President, and those who do not agree to this will vote that Congress possesses no power over slavery in the States; and thus by the union of these two classes, the squarely pro-slavery and the timid and hesitating, the anti-slavery men will be beaten. Nothing but the most active exertions of anti-slavery men, and the distinct enunciation of the will of the people on the subject, will save the nation from the old *status* so far as slavery is concerned.

Several bills are before Congress on the subject of slavery-emancipation in this District. A new bill was introduced in the Senate on Friday, which differs materially from the other bills upon the same subject. It provides for the immediate emancipation of all the slaves within the limits of the District of Columbia, with a proviso that all fugitive slaves escaping here from adjoining States, or from any slave State, shall be returned to their masters if said masters are loyal. All persons whose slaves have been freed by the act can come before the Court of Claims within six months after its passage, and upon making oath to their loyalty, they shall receive $300 for each slave between five and sixty years—the pay for those over sixty goes to the cities of Washington and Georgetown, and provides for the support hereafter of infirm and crippled slaves, freed by the action of this law. The other bill appropriates $300 for all slaves, and has no provision respecting fugitive slaves. The Senate will take up the subject for consideration before the House, as the House will have the tax bills to debate two or three weeks before the Senate can touch the subject. The public opinion of the District is rapidly changing on the subject of local emancipation. The lectures delivered here this winter have had a great effect upon people who were undecided in their opinions. Another fact helps on the passage of the bills—the worthlessness of slave property (I use the language of the slave dealers) in this vicinity. A lot of slaves selling within fifty miles of Washington would not bring on the average $500, and one of the bills before the Senate proposes to pay this amount to the masters. Some of the prominent slave-owners of the District are turning round in favor of an emancipation bill as the best bargain they can make under the circumstances! This is a mean motive, but of course a man who will own slaves can only be approached through his pocket. A portion of the members of Congress will vote against the compensation clause of any of the emancipation bills, but rather than defeat their passage they will acquiesce in the compensating feature. Mr. Pomeroy of the Senate and Mr. Hutchins of the House will lead in opposition to paying the slaveholders for their property in men. The friends to emancipation in the District are very much encouraged by the recent developments in Congress, and are sanguine of the passage of a bill emancipating the slaves in the District *before Jeff. Davis & Co. get back into Congress and power.* Is this strange language? Since the vote of the Senate to receive Oregon Starke, charged as he is with disloyalty, there is no certainty that Jeff. Davis, Toombs, Mason and Slidell, and all the leading men of the rebellion, will not be back in Congress before the close of the year 1862. If they present themselves, they must be admitted.

The case of Mr. Starke of Oregon has at last been decided by the Senate by his admission. It is thought by many persons that the precedent established will hereafter let in the ringleaders of the rebellion, and it is a rational supposition, certainly. Should the rebellion speedily collapse, the President, as Commander-in-chief, may extend a general amnesty to all persons who will again acknowledge the government of the United States, without any reference of the subject to Congress. This is precisely what Secretary Stanton has done already towards a number of persons charged with being spies and traitors. After such a proclamation of amnesty, the Courts would not try persons guilty of treason, and the whole crew of rebel leaders may, in less than one year, be playing their old antics in Congress. They may vote against paying the interest on the debt incurred by this government in carrying on the war, or may, in a hundred other ways, embarrass this government. Are we to go back to the old condition of things without a struggle against it?

Gerrit Smith delivered an eloquent address before the Lecture Association here at the Smithsonian Institute on Saturday evening. He had a very large and a very enthusiastic audience. Although he spoke upon the subject of slavery, it did not seem to tire his audience. It should be remembered that every one of this long course of lectures but two has been upon the subject of slavery. Yet a very large audience turned out to hear Mr. Smith. He was quite as fearless as he was eloquent, and did not hesitate to characterize this war to be "a war against God," as it is and has been conducted. It was, I need not say, fully up to the emancipation mark. The President of the Association, Mr. Pierpont, announced that Wendell Phillips had agreed to deliver a lecture here some time during the month of March. This announcement was received by boisterous applause. If Mr. Phillips would only agree to deliver three or four lectures here, he would give all who wish to hear him an opportunity, but with a single lecture we have no hall large enough to accommodate the audience which he will call out. Rev. John S. C. Abbott delivers a lecture on Friday evening, upon what subject I know not, but he is warmly in favor of emancipation. Mr. Curtis will lecture during the month. I forgot to mention the lecture of John Jay, Esq., on Friday night. It was worthy of the man, and followed in the path of the preceding lecturers on the question of slavery.

The public mind is in a suspense at present in reference to further army movements. As the government has established a despotic censorship over the press, wild rumors are constantly current on the streets. That the war is to be prosecuted with increased vigor no one doubts, and there will be a formidable demonstration against the enemy in Eastern Virginia erelong. So long as Jeff. Davis can oppose an army of eighty thousand men to our forces near Washington, so long will his government be a power on this continent. That army must be broken up before the rebellion is crushed, and Mr. Lincoln knows it. Avon.

PERSONAL.

The Hutchinson Family (John, Henry, Frank and Viola) will give a concert in Newtown Hall, Bucks Co., Pa., at 2½ p.m., this day (Saturday).

Horace Greeley delivered a lecture on the War to an assembly of 1,100 people, in the Agricultural Hall at Newtown, Bucks Co., Pa., on the 7th ult.

Cornelius Conway Felton, President of Harvard College, died, a few days since, at the residence of his brother in Chester, Pa. He was a fine scholar and much esteemed in social life, but pro-slavery in politics.

Mr. Edward H. House, one of the special reporters of *The Tribune* and a young man of fine abilities, will accompany Hon. Simon Cameron to Russia as Secretary of Legation.

Rev. Moncure D. Conway arrived in New York on Tuesday, being on his way to Massachusetts, where he is engaged to lecture for some time as an agent of the Emancipation League.

Last week it was stated in our columns that Wendell Phillips had declined the invitation to lecture in Washington; this week we are cheered by the announcement that he is engaged to speak there some time this month.

Hon. Josiah Quincy reached the age of 90 years on the 19th ult. He is confined to his bed by a broken limb, occasioned by a fall a few weeks since; but he is slowly recovering, and his friends hope soon to see him about again.

A son of George Sand, who accompanied Prince Napoleon to this country, has published, in *The Revue des Deux Mondes*, portions of his diary made during his visit to America. He writes warmly in favor of the Northern States.

John C. Fremont's defence of himself, against the charges upon which he was removed from his command of the Western Department, appeared in *The Tribune* of Tuesday. It fills nearly five pages of that paper, in small type, and is regarded by his friends as unanswerable.

The Hutchinson Family (Asa, Lizzie, Abby, Freddy and little Dennett), having terminated their engagements for the present in this city and on the Hudson, propose a tour into the interior of the State, on the Erie and New York Central Railroads. Their new songs of freedom are cordially received wherever they go.

C. C. Burleigh spoke on "The Meaning of the War," to large and deeply interested audiences, at Newtown, Bucks Co., Pa., Feb. 12th, and at Yardleyville on the 13th. A friend says: "He gave general satisfaction, many intelligent and competent citizens deeming his lectures superior, in respect of high-toned principle and comprehensiveness of view, to any others heard in those places the present season."

We are glad to hear that the Rev. Samuel May, Jr., has so far recovered his health as to be able to perform once more the duties of General Agent of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society. Mr. Heywood, who has so acceptably filled the post during Mr. May's retirement therefrom, will now be able to devote himself more entirely to his favorite literary pursuits, including lyceum lecturing.

William Wells Brown delivered his new Lyceum Lecture, on "Life in the Southern States," at Poughkeepsie, on the 26th ult., to a full house. At the close of the lecture, several gentlemen present, feeling that it ought to be heard by a greater number of the citizens, formed a Committee, and engaged Mr. Brown to return and repeat the lecture in the Universalist Church, on the 12th inst. As the house is very commodious, a large audience will no doubt be in attendance on the occasion.

The lecture of Wendell Phillips, delivered recently, at Hartford, was frequently applauded, and hissed once. He said that if Fremont had landed at Port Royal as Gen. Sherman did, he would have marched across the State of South Carolina, gone into East Tennessee, and attacked Fort Donelson from the south-east. His allusion to Gen. Fremont brought out an applause that checked the lecturer for nearly five minutes, in which the old 1856 voice of Geo. P. Bissell called for the old "three cheers for John C. Fremont," and had them without delay.

John Jay, Esq., delivered a lecture on Slavery in Washington on Friday evening of last week, and was followed on Saturday evening by Gerrit Smith. They had large audiences, and their most radical sentiments were loudly cheered. Mr. Smith brought down the house by the following passage: "In fighting against negroes you are fighting against the country, against the purest loyalty. The loyalty of a Garrisonian Abolitionist may be suspected, but that of the negro never. What is to be done to save the country? Stop all fighting but fighting the rebels; stop taking counsel of Kentucky, and take counsel of the whole country."

OBITUARY.

It pains us to hear of the death of Gerrit Smith Hambleton, only son of Thomas and Alice Eliza Hambleton, of Upper Oxford, Chester Co., Pa. He was among the Pennsylvania volunteers sent to Port Royal, S. C., where he died of typhoid fever, on the 30th of January, aged 22 years. His remains were interred at Longwood, on Sunday, Feb. 16th; when a large concourse of people assembled to pay a tribute of respect to his memory and of sympathy with his bereaved parents and other kindred. Of his character, it is enough to say that it was worthy of the name he bore, and fitted to excite the most glowing hopes as to his future career. A writer in *The Chester County Times* bears this testimony:

"Seldom is it our sad experience to mourn the loss of one so truly good and talented—one who was so universally beloved—so faithful and true a friend—such a dutiful and loving son and brother! Highly educated and gifted by nature, he was fitted to adorn almost any position in life; his inclination led him to prefer a professional career, and preparatory to entering thereon, he had availed himself of the opportunity of teaching as a means of self discipline and improvement. In this capacity he was highly successful, and much beloved—occupying a lucrative position, which he felt it his duty to resign that he might minister to the comfort of his parents and relieve them of care in their declining years; and when his home and country were in danger, and freedom still further imperiled, the same conscientious adherence to duty called him far away from that loved home and its endearing ties. He said there was not one attractive feature to him in camp life, or the duties pertaining thereto, that nothing but a sense of duty would have induced him to enter the service. If there were only more who enlisted from the same conscientious motives, what an army we should have! As he had always been in every avocation of life, so he proved to be in the new field of labor, so recently entered, faithful in the discharge of every duty; manly and beautiful in his strict integrity, and observance of the divine moral law. He was a bright example to all those who were associated with him; occupying a position which required peculiar talent to give satisfaction, he had won the esteem of all the officers and men in his company; and gave universal satisfaction in every department of the Regiment with which his duties were connected."

PETITION TO THE STATE LEGISLATURE.

We give below a form of Petition to the Legislature of the State of New York, which we hope will at once be put in active circulation, and returned to Albany with thousands of signatures. There is no time to be lost.

To the Senate and Assembly of the State of New York:

The undersigned, citizens and inhabitants of State of New York, believing slavery to be the great cause of our present national calamities, earnestly desire you to instruct the Senators and request the Representatives in Congress, from this State, to immediately institute measures for the abolition of slavery under the War Power.

Chronicles of the War.

Evacuation of Columbus.

A national gunboat went down from Cairo to Columbus on Monday, and it was discovered that the rebels had really fled, having removed their guns and laid the town in ashes. It is now said that they have retreated to Fort Randolph, 160 miles below Columbus. Commodore Foote's dispatch to the Navy Department states that his armed reconnoisance on Sunday last caused the rebels then remaining there to beat a hasty retreat, leaving behind them a number of guns, carriages, ammunition and stores, shot and shell, anchors, the remnants of a chain lately stretched across the river, and a large number of torpedoes. Most of the huts, tents and quarters were destroyed. The works are described as of great strength. After the rebel evacuation, the town was first occupied by the Second Illinois Cavalry.

Military Government for Tennessee.

Hon. Andrew Johnson has formally been appointed Military Governor of Tennessee, with all the powers, duties and functions pertaining to that office, during the pleasure of the President, or until the loyal inhabitants of that State shall organize a civil government in accordance with the Constitution of the United States. In order to the exercise of those duties it became necessary to first give him a military position, and hence the President nominated him as Brigadier-General. This appointment the Senate confirmed. The present government of Tennessee being a usurpation, every proper encouragement will, through the military government, be given to the loyal people to assume its control. The Governor, by his acceptance of the office, necessarily vacates his position as Senator. The term for which he was elected will not expire till March, 1863.

The Occupation of Nashville.

The Secretary of War, on the 28th inst., received a dispatch from Gen. Buell, announcing that our troops had taken possession of Nashville without opposition. The rebels abandoned everything in their flight. A vast amount of stores of various kinds fell into our hands. The Union sentiment was represented as being very strong among the people in and about the city.

The rebel army, in their retreat from Nashville, left 1,600 sick and wounded, destroyed all the bridges, burned all the steamboats but one, which escaped. The Texans fired the city in many places, but the citizens extinguished the flames. The great majority of the property-owners remained. The excitement was intense, and several rebels were shot by the exasperated citizens. Gov. Harris made a speech, and said that he had done all he could, and he was going to leave, and advised them to follow. He recommended the citizens to burn their private property, and called on Tennesseeans to rally and meet him at Memphis, but no one paid any attention to him, and it is thought he will not receive any considerable reënforcements.

A correspondent of *The Times*, writing at Nashville some days after the surrender, says:

"I have spent a good deal of time to-day in conversing with the citizens, and found but little Union sentiment. Men asserted that they were not citizens of the United States—didn't want any protection from the government, and in several cases even refused to sell any goods to the soldiers or officers. One man said he was a Union man, but never had dared say so for fear of being hung; another said the only two nights' sleep he had had in weeks were since the arrival of the National army. Another individual assured me with a very haughty air, that there were no Union men in Nashville except among mechanics and laborers; no gentlemen, he said, were anything but secessionists, or rebels, if I liked the term any better. At present an air of gloom hangs heavily over the whole city. The stores are closed almost without exception, and the inhabitants gather in sullen knots to talk over the new order of things. Gen. Grant and staff called upon Mrs. Polk, the widow of James K. Polk, formerly President of the *whole* United States. She received her visitors courteously, but with a polished coldness that indicated sufficiently in which direction her sympathies ran—she was simply polite and ladylike; in no case patriotic. While she discreetly foreboye to give utterance to any expression of sympathy for the South, she as rigidly avoided saying anything that might be construed into a wish for the success of the government. She hoped, she said, that the tomb of her husband would protect her household from insult and her property from pillage; further than this she expected nothing from the United States, and desired nothing. The ladies of Nashville—that is, the few of them who have not struck for the warmer and less Yankee-haunted portions of Dixie—are of course as full of treason as they are in occasional cases of loveliness. I have seen only two cases of women who are loyal, and both of these are among what might be called the 'lower walks' of social life."

Summary.

"A fine ould Irish gintleman" at Lynn, who did not own a flag, wishing to celebrate the Federal victories, hung out a blue shirt and a white one, together "wid the ould woman's red petticoat," saying, "Be jabers! I'll have the imblems out any how."

"Mr Brown, you say the witness was honest and intelligent. What makes you think so? are you acquainted with him?" "No, sir, have never seen him." "Why, then, do you come to such a conclusion?" "'Cause he takes five newspapers and pays for every one of them in advance."

Bad Spell.—A minister, appointed chaplain in an Ohio Regiment, lately wrote the following note to a brother preacher:

"Deer brothir—if you kan git a comishun as a chaplin, it will pay you $3ty a month, and a livin beside. The caus of khrist kneads you in his armey."

An enraged parent had jerked his provoking son across his knee, and was operating on the exposed portion of the urchin's person with great vehemence, when the young one dug into the parental legs with his venomous little teeth. "Blazes! what're you biting me for!" "Well, dad, who beginned this 'ere war?"

A local correspondent of the Norfolk *Day Book* writes a complaining article relative to the recent escape of slaves from that city. He says these escapes are made through the instrumentality of secret societies in Norfolk, who hold their meetings weekly and in open day. He estimates the value of the contrabands recently escaped at $20,000.

A slave yoke, with two antler-like prongs to hinder runaways from getting through the bushes, the whole contrivance weighing five pounds, was lately exhibited at the Boston Union mission fair. It was taken from the neck of a fugitive last September, on the Maryland side of the Upper Potomac, by a member of the 1st Massachusetts regiment, after two hours' hard filing of the iron collar.

Credit to Fremont.—Let nobody forget that the mail-clad gunboats and the mortar boats which have borne so glorious and, indeed, so indispensable a part in the recent triumphs of our arms in the West, were planned and commenced by Gen. Fremont, and constituted one of the great evidences of extravagance and incompetence on the part of that officer.

A wealthy Quaker of Indiana was asked to furnish aid in forming a cavalry regiment. He replied: "Friend, thee knows that I cannot give thee money or horses for war—war is wicked—but as for my four horses, it is true that *two* will serve my needs; and, friend, I will say this to thee, that my stable door is not locked; and if I see thee on one of my horses, and thy friend James on another, I will keep the peace toward both."

Mr. Weed writes from London to the Albany *Evening Journal*, under date of February 7:

"Mr. Mason has lodgings at Fenton's Hotel where he is as little the subject of attention as any private gentleman could desire. He was visited by secessionists—and by no one else. This marked neglect of the chivalry of Virginia, in the person of a Confederate Commissioner, is not without its significance."

The Secession Trophies.—We are sorry to see that Mayor Opdyke has given importance enough to a secession flag "presented by James Gordon Bennett, Esq." to offer it to the Common Council to hang in the Governor's room. The only treatment which such odious emblems should receive is indicated in George Canning's lines about Mrs. Browning.

"Who whipped two female 'prentices to death,
And hid them in the coal hole."

The coal hole is the only place fit to receive the insignia of the blackest crime known to human history.—*Eve. Post.*

The Rev. Henry Clay Dean, who prostitutes the clerical profession to the support of the meanest type of pro-slavery democracy, lately collected an audience at Mount Pleasant, Iowa, to lecture on the "Character of the Rebels." Lieut.-Col. Tom Drummond of the 4th Iowa Cavalry attended, with a squad of men, and compelled the Rev. Dean to preface his lecture with an oath of allegiance, duly signed, under the fear of arrest and the guard-house. Then Dean abused Drummond, and Drummond concluded the performance by knocking Dean down. There was great excitement in the audience—ladies screamed—one fainted.

Slavery in the Capital.—The Committee of the two Houses on the District of Columbia have substantially agreed upon a bill differing but slightly from that already reported to the Senate by Mr. Morrill, which, after being amended in conformity with the suggestions of the House Committee, will be passed and sent down to the lower House, where also it is sure of a majority. The bill is the special order for Wednesday, March 5, in the Senate. It is now hoped that the National Capital will be purged of slavery before April. A member of the Senate District of Columbia Committee has been told by a slaveholder that there are not more than 1,600 slaves in the District at present—so many were taken South in the exodus last Spring.

A recent visitor to John Tyler's homestead at Hampton, Va., found it occupied by his late slaves: "I could not count them; but there must have been over a hundred in the house—comfortable, tidy, and how happy. In one room I found four generations; in the corner of the spacious fire-place sat the great-grandmother, 'sans eyes, sans teeth, sans everything,' but just life enough to rock the great-granddaughter she held in her arms, while the two intermediate generations were busy about the farming work. 'Tipecanoe and Tyler too.' What a history in twenty-one years! President, exile, dead among strangers; and the victims of his tyranny enjoying his goods, chattels, and estates."

The Ruling Passion Strong in Battle.—The representative of a metropolitan journal is stated to have run up to a wounded officer in Fort Donelson, who believed himself mortally hurt, and begged him not to die yet for the sake of the——, which he had the honor to represent; remarking, if he had any last words to utter, that they should appear in the best form in the earliest possible issue of his widely-circulated, and highly influential journal. The officer turned away his head in abhorrence and disgust, and some of his friends compelled the painfully persevering reporter to retire; but the professor of the quill insisted that he could make a better speech for the wounded soldier than he could for himself; and hoped he would remember not to give any other member of the press the least hint of his dying sentiments.—*Western Cor. Tribune.*

Another of John Brown's Men Gone.—The special correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, writing from Roanoke Island, and giving an account of the recent conflict there, relates the following incident:

"Orderly Sergeant C. H. Plummer of the 51st New York, was on the gunboat Pioneer, lying mortally sick with typhoid fever at the time of the battle. Late in the day a boat came off from the shore, and news of our success was communicated to those in the cabin. Plummer, whose life was just hanging in the balance, turned to the chaplain, and asked, 'Is our side winning?' On being told that it was, he smiled, gasped out the words, 'Thank God!' and died. Plummer's real name is Charles Plummer Tidd, and he was one of those famous nineteen men who captured the State of Virginia at Harper's Ferry a little more than two years ago."

The Constitution of West Virginia.—The Convention which has been in session for some weeks at Wheeling has completed its labors, and submitted a Constitution to the people of the proposed new State of "West Virginia." Forty-four Counties are to be included in the limits of the State. The Constitution leaves the State a slave State. The following provision, under the head of "Miscellaneous," is the only mention made of the subject:

"7. No slave shall be brought, or free person of color be permitted to come into this State for permanent residence."

The provision that "such parts of the common law of Virginia as are not inconsistent with this Constitution" shall remain in force, covers the whole slave code of Old Virginia, as nothing is said against it. It is right to add that

Miscellaneous Department.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD

A PROTEST.

BY CAROLINE A. MASON.

The voice said, "Write": Alas, I cried,
Let be: what shall I write and wherefore,
When words are heaped on every side
Few hear and fewer care for?

In all the labor of the Scribes,
For me I ask no part or portion;
Give earnest words and bitter jibes
Reward your mad devotion.

Cast pearls before the swinish herd,
—Now Heaven and all the saints defend you!—
For true as ever that old word,
"They'll turn again and rend you."

Else why along Potomac's banks
Met Freedom's chant* such bitter censure?
Ah, Whittier, those were sorry thanks
For such a noble venture!

Yet brave men sleep those banks within,
Whose martyr-blood stained all the waters;†
Your sons, your brothers, kith and kin,
The husbands of your daughters.

What 'gulphed them there, so brave, so young?
'Twas SLAVERY! Say not, "God forbid it!"
Yet, Hutchinson, thy brave lip sung
Too bold for Freedom, did it?

And so it goes: we cringe and fawn,
And lick the hand would work our ruin;
While e'en the old excuse is gone:
"They know not what they're doing."

Oh shame, oh guilt! I marvel me
How God in heaven Himself can bear it:
almost fear to bend the knee,
Lest He should think I share it.

And in the stead of sweet replies,
Should rain His awful curses on me;
And I should find when I arise,
The leprous stain upon me!

Well, well, my words are vain. In truth,
I scarce am heard amid the clamor,
I do not mind my stops, forsooth,
Perhaps abuse good grammar.

The only "classics" that I quote,
—Oh, sweet old strains of Bible story
That God's own Seers divinely wrote—
I doubt my critics know ye!

But, an' they did, 'twere but to shirk
The proof, and quote theirs fast and faster:
"Did not the Christ do healing work,
And praise the Roman Master?—

"Say'st ye, 'Such faith I have not found
In Israel, more true nor bolder:
Thy servant lives'—yet proofs abound,
The man was a slaveholder!"‡

Oh fools and blind! and see ye not
'Twas *Faith* Christ praised, not stripes and scourging!
Alas, alas, I marvel what
New pretext ye'll be urging!

For Truth is fallen in the way,
And Justice waits but cannot enter,
And giant Wrongs still hold their sway,
And shake us to the centre.

Still Herods sit upon the throne,
Still Pilates walk in priestly orders,
And Scribes and Pharisees are grown
Imperious in our borders.

Still Christ is scourged and crucified,
And still the old words stab and stab us,
I hear the clamor far and wide,
"Not this man but Barabbas!"

Oh guilty Nation, well may Love,
Like that which blessed the ancient city,
Your sin and blindness brood above
In its divinest pity:

"Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
I would have saved it, but I could not;
How oft would I have gathered them,
How often—but ye would not.

"Behold your house is left to ye,
Left desolated and forsaken."
Oh prophecy, too plain to be
Once gainsaid or mistaken!

Fitchburg, Mass.

* Whittier's "prohibited song," "We Wait Beneath the Furnace Blast." Sung by the Hutchinsons along the Potomac and declared to be incendiary, whereupon they were forbidden to sing within the lines at all.

† Battle of Ball's Bluff.

‡ "It has been urged that where slavery exists it must be a sin, in the face of the fact that Christ said to a Roman centurion who there is good reason to believe was the holder of a slave, 'Verily I have not elsewhere found such great faith.'"—*Anniversary Sermon by Rev. Dr. Blagden, preached in Boston, Sept.*, 1861.

THE CLAY-EATERS OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

[A Northern gentleman, in *The Continental Monthly*, gives what we have no reason to doubt is a perfectly truthful account of his adventures "Among the Pines" in South Carolina. The following is a part of his narrative of a journey from Georgetown to a plantation in the North-eastern part of the State. His companion, the driver of the horse hired for the occasion, "was a very intelligent native African named Scipio, who 'hired his time' of his mistress, and obtained his living by doing odd jobs around the streets and wharves of Georgetown."]

NIGHT overtook us, at the end of the second day's travel, in the midst of a forest, uncertain where we were, and half dead from exposure to the storm; but after several hours of hard riding, we found ourselves, drenched to the skin and benumbed with the cold, before the door of a one-story log cabin, tenanted by a family of poor whites.

The rain was falling in torrents, and the night was as "dark as the darkest corner of the dark place below." We were in the midst of what seemed an endless forest of turpentine pines, and had seen no human habitation for hours. Not knowing where the road might lead us, and feeling totally unable to proceed, we determined to ask shelter at the shanty for the night.

In answer to our summons a wretched-looking, half-clad, dirt-bedraggled woman thrust her head from the doorway, with the inquiry, "Who are ye?"

"We'm only massa and me, and de boss, and we'm half dead wid de cold," said Scipio; "can't we cum in out ob de rain?"

"Wal, strangers," replied the woman, eying us as closely as the darkness would permit, "you'll find mighty poor fixins har, but I reckon ye can come in."

Entering the house, we saw, by the light of a blazing pile of pine knots, which roared and crackled on the hearth, that it contained only a single apartment, about twenty feet square. In front of the fireplace, which occupied the better half of one side of the room, the floor was of the bare earth, littered over with pine chips, dead cinders, live coals, broken pots, and a lazy spaniel dog. Opposite to this, at the other end of the room, were two low beds, which looked as if they had been "slept in forever, and never made up." Against the wall, between the beds and the fireplace, stood a small pine table, and on it was a large wooden bowl, from whose mouth protruded the handles of several unwashed pewter spoons. On the right of the fire was a razeed rocking-chair, evidently the peculiar property of the mistress of the mansion, and three blocks of pine log, sawn off smoothly, and made to serve for seats. Over against these towered a high-backed settle, something like that on which

"Sot Huldy all alone,
When Zeke pecked thru the winder;"

and on it, her head resting partly on her arm, partly on the end of the settle, one small, bare foot pressing the ground, the other, with the part of the person which is supposed to require stockings, extended in a horizontal direction—reclined, not Huldy, but her Southern cousin, who, I will wager, was decidedly the prettier and dirtier of the two. Our entrance did not seem to disconcert her in the least, for they lay there as unmoved as a marble statue, her large black eyes riveted on my face as if seeing some nondescript animal for the first time. I stood for a moment transfixed with admiration. In a somewhat extensive observation of her sex, in both hemispheres, I had never witnessed such a form, such eyes, such faultless features, and such wavy, black, luxuriant hair. A glance at her dress—a soiled, greasy, grayish linsey-woolsey gown, apparently her only garment—and a second look at her face, which, on closer inspection, had precisely the hue of a tallow candle, recalled me to myself, and allowed me to complete the survey of the premises.

The house was built of unhewn logs, separated by wide interstices, through which the cold air came, in decidedly fresh if not health-giving currents, while a large rent in the roof, that let in the rain, gave the inmates an excellent opportunity for indulging in a shower-bath, of which they seemed greatly in need. The chimney, which had intruded a couple of feet into the room, as if to keep out of the cold, and threatened momentarily to tumble down, was of sticks, built up in clay, while the windows were of thick, unplaned boards.

Two pretty girls, one of perhaps ten, and the other of fourteen years, evidently sisters of the unadorned beauty, the middle-aged woman who had admitted us, and the dog—the only male member of the household—composed the family. I had seen negro cabins, but these people were whites, and these whites were *South Carolinians*. Who will say that the days of chivalry are over, when such counterparts of the feudal serfs still exist?

After I had seated myself by the fire, and the driver had gone out to stow the horse away under the tumble-down shed at the back of the house, the elder woman said to me:

"Reckon yer wet. Ben in the rain?"

"Yes, madam, we've been out most of the day, and got in the river below here."

"Did ye? Ye mean the 'run.' I reckon it's right deep now."

"Yes, the horse had to swim for it," I replied.

"Ye orter strip and put on dry cloes to onst."

"Thank you, madam, I will."

Going to my portmanteau, which the darkey had placed near the door, I found it dripping with wet, and opening it, discovered that every article in it had undergone the rite of total immersion.

"Everything is thoroughly soaked, madam. I shall have to dry myself by your fire. Can you get me a cup of tea?"

"Right sorry, stranger, but I can't. Hain't a morsel to eat or drink in the house."

Remembering that our excellent hostess of the night before had insisted on filling our waggon-box with a quantity of "chicken fixins," to serve us in an emergency, and that my brandy flask was in my India-rubber coat, I sent Scipio out for them.

Our stores disclosed boiled chicken, bacon, sandwiches, sweet potatoes, short cake, buttered waffles, and "common doin's" too numerous to mention, enough to last a family of one for a fortnight, but all completely saturated with water. Wet or dry, however, the provisions were a godsend to the half-starved family, and their hearts seemed to open to me with amazing rapidity. The dog got up and wagged his tail, and even the marble-like beauty arose from her reclining posture and invited me to a seat with her on the bench.

The kettle was soon steaming over the fire, and the boiling water, mixed with a little brandy, served as a capital substitute for tea. After the chicken was recooked, and the other edibles "warmed up," the little pine table was brought out, and I learned—what I had before suspected—that the big wooden bowl and the half dozen pewter spoons were the only "crockery" the family possessed.

I declined the proffered seat at the table, the cooking utensils being anything but inviting, and contented myself with the brandy and water; but, forgetting for a moment his color, I motioned to the darky—who was as wet and jaded, and much more hungry than I was—to take the place offered to me. The negro did not seem inclined to do so, but the woman, observing my gesture, yelled out, her eyes flashing with anger:

"No, sar! No darkies eats with us. Hope ye don't reckon *yerself* no better than a good-for-nothin', no-account nigger!"

"I beg your pardon, madam; I intended no offence. Scipio has served me very faithfully for two days, and is very tired and hungry. I forgot myself."

This mollified the lady, and she replied:

"Niggers is good enuff in thar place, but warn't meant to 'sociate with white folks."

There may have been some ground for a distinction in that case; there certainly was a difference between the specimens of the two races then before me; but, not being one of the chivalry, it struck me that the odds were on the side of the black man. The whites were shiftless, ragged, and starving; the black well clad, cleanly, energetic, and as much above the others in intellect as Jupiter is above a church steeple. To be sure, color was against him, and he was, after all, a servant in the land of chivalry and of servant-owners. Of course the woman was right, after all.

She soon resumed the conversation with this remark:

"Reckon yer a stranger in these parts; whar d'ye come from?"

"From New York, madam."

"New York! whar's that?"

"It's a city at the North."

"Oh! yas; I've heern tell on it: that's whar the Cunnel sells his turpentine. Quite a place, ain't it?"

"Yes, quite a place. Something larger than all South Carolina."

"What d'ye say? Larger nor South Carolina! Kinder reckon tain't, is't?"

"Yes, madam, it is."

"Du tell! Tain't so large as Charles'n, is't?"

"Yes, twenty times larger than Charleston."

"Lord o'massy! How does all the folks live thar?"

"Live quite as well as they do here."

"Ye don't have no niggers thar, does ye?"

"Yes, but none that are slaves."

"Have Ablisherners thar, don't ye? Them people that go agin the South?"

"Yes, some of them."

"What do they go agin the South for?"

"They go for freeing the slaves. Some of them think a black man as good as a white one."

"Quar, that; yer an Ablisherner, ain't ye?"

"No, I'm an old-fashioned Whig."

"What's that? Never heerd on them afore."

"An old-fashioned Whig, madam, is a man whose political principles are perfect, and who is as perfect as his principles."

That was a "stumper" for the poor woman, who evidently did not understand one-half of the sentence.

"Right sort of folks, them," she said, in a half inquiring tone.

"Yes, but they're all dead now."

"Dead?"

"Yes, dead, beyond the hope of resurrection."

"I've heern all the dead war to be resurrected. Didn't ye say ye war one on 'em? Ye ain't dead yet," said the woman, chuckling at having cornered me.

"But I'm more than *half* dead just now."

"Ah," replied the woman, still laughing, "yer a chicken."

"A chicken! what's that?"

"A thing that goes on tu legs, and karkles,' was the ready reply.

"Ah, my dear madam, you can outtalk me."

"Yes, I reckon I kin outrun ye, tu. Ye ain't over rugged." Then, after a pause, she added, "What d'ye 'lect that darky Linkum for President for?"

"I didn't elect him. *I* voted for Douglas. But Lincoln is not a darky."

"He's a mullater, then; I've heern he war," she replied.

"No, he's not a mulatto; he's a rail-splitter."

"Rail-splitter? *Then he's a nigger, shore.*"

"No, madam; white men at the North split rails."

"An' white wimmin, tu, p'raps," said the woman, with a contemptuous toss of the head.

"No, they don't," I replied, "but white women *work* there."

"White wimmin work thar!" chimed in the hitherto speechless beauty, showing a set of teeth of the exact color of her skin—*yaller*. "What du the du?"

"Some of them attend in stores, some set type, some teach school, and some work in factories."

"Du tell! Dress nice, and make money?"

"Yes," I replied, "they make money, and dress like fine ladies; in fact, *are* fine ladies. I know one young woman, of about your age, that had to get her own education, who earns a thousand dollars a year by teaching, and I've heard of many factory-girls who support their parents, and lay up a great deal of money, by working in the mills."

"Wal!" replied the young woman, with a contemptuous curl of her matchless upper lip; "schulemarms ain't fine ladies: fine ladies don't work; only niggers does that *har*. I reckon I'd ruther be spectable than work for a livin'."

I could but think how magnificently the lips of some of our glorious Yankee girls would have curled had they heard that remark, and seen the poor girl that made it, with her torn, worn, greasy dress; her bare, dirty legs and feet, and her arms, neck, and face so thickly encrusted with a layer of clayey mud that there was danger of hydrophobia if she went near a wash-tub. Restraining my involuntary disgust, I replied:

"We at the North think work is respectable. We do not look down on a man or a woman for earning their daily bread. We all work."

"Yas, and that's the why ye'r all sech cowards," said the old woman.

"Cowards!" I said; "who tells you that?"

"My old man; he says one on our *boys* can lick five of your Yankee *men*."

"Perhaps so. Is your husband away from home?"

"Yes, him and our Cal. are down to Charles'n."

"Cal. is your son, is he?"

"Yes, he's my oldest, and a likely lad he ar tu—He's twenty-one, and his name ar JOHN CALHOUN MILLS. He's gone a troopin' it with his fadar."

"What, both gone and left you ladies here alone?"

"Yes, the Cunnel sed every man orter go, and they warn't to be ahind the rest. The Cunnel—Cunnel J.—looks arter us while they is away."

"But I should think the Colonel looked after you poorly—giving you nothing to eat."

"Oh! it's ben sech a storm to-day, the gals couldn't go for the vittles, though tain't a great way. We's on his plantation; this house is his'n."

This last was agreeable news, and it occurred to me that if we were so near the Colonel's we might push on, and get there that night, in spite of the storm; so I said:

"Indeed; I'm going to the Colonel's. How far is his house from here?"

"A right smart six mile; it's at the Cross-roads. Ye know the Cunnel, du ye?"

"Oh, yes, I know him well. If his house is not more than six miles off, I think we had better go on to-night. What do you say, Scip?"

"I reckon we'd better gwo, massa," replied the darky, who had spread my travelling-shawl in the chimney-corner, and was seated on it, drying his clothes.

"Ye'd better not," said the woman; "ye better stay har; thar's a right smart run twixt har and the Cunnel's, and taint safe to cross arter dark."

"If that is so we'd better stay, Scip; don't you think so?" I said to the darky.

"Jess as you like, massa. We got tru wid de oder one, and I reckon tain't no woss nor dat."

"The bridge are carried away, and ye'll have to swim *shore*," said the woman. "Ye'd better stay."

"Thank you, madam, I think we will," I replied, after a moment's thought; "our horse has swum one of your creeks to-night, and I dare not try another."

I had taken off my coat, and had been standing, during the greater part of this conversation, in my shirt-sleeves before the fire, turning round occasionally to facilitate the drying process, and taking every now and then a sip from the gourd containing our brandy and water; aided in the latter exercise by the old woman and the eldest girl, who indulged quite as freely as I did.

"Mighty good brandy that," at last said the woman. "Ye like brandy, don't ye?"

"Not very much, madam. I take it to-night because I've been exposed to the storm, and it stimulates the circulation. But Scip, here, don't like spirits. He'll get the rheumatism because he don't."

"Don't like dem sort of sperits, massa; but rumatics neber trubble me."

"But I've got it mighty bad," said the woman, "*and I take 'em whenever I kin get 'em.*"

I rather thought she did, but I "reckoned" her principal beverage was whiskey.

"You have the rheumatism, madam, because your house is so open; a draught of air is always unhealthy."

"I allers reckoned 'twar *healthy*," she replied. "Ye Yankee folks have quar notions."

I looked at my watch, and found it was nearly ten o'clock, and, feeling very tired, said to the hostess:

"Where do you mean we shall sleep?"

"Ye can take that ar bed," pointing to the one nearest the wall, "the darkey can sleep har"; motioning to the settle on which she was seated.

"But where will you and your daughters sleep? I don't wish to turn you out of your beds."

"Oh! don't ye keer for us; we kin all bunk together; dun it afore. Like to turn in now?"

"Yes, thank you, I would"; and without more ceremony I adjourned to the further part of the room, and commenced disrobing. Doffing my boots, waistcoat, and cravat, and placing my watch and purse under the pillow, I gave a moment's thought to what a certain not very old lady, whom I had left at home, might say when she heard of my lodging with a grass-widow and three young girls, and sprung into bed. There I removed my unmentionables, which were still too damp to sleep in, and in about two minutes and thirty seconds sunk into oblivion.

A few streaks of grayish light were beginning to creep through the crevices in the logs, when a movement at the foot of the bed awakened me, and glancing downward I beheld the youngest girl emerging from under the clothes at my feet. She had slept there, "cross-wise," all night. A stir in the adjoining bed soon warned me that the other feminines were preparing to follow her example; so, turning my face to the wall, I feigned to be asleep. Their toilet was soon made, and they then quietly left Scip and myself in full possession of the premises.

The darky rose as soon as they were gone, and, coming to me, said:

"Massa, we'd better be gwine. I'se got your cloes all dry, and you can rig up and breakfast at the Cunnel's."

The storm had cleared away, and the sun was struggling to get through the distant pines, when Scipio brought the horse to the door, and we prepared to start. Turning to the old woman, I said:

"I feel greatly obliged to you, madam, for the shelter you have given us, and would like to make you some recompense for your trouble. Please to tell me what I shall pay you."

"Wal, stranger, we don't gin'rally take in lodgers, but seein' as how as thar ar tu on ye, and ye've had a good night on it. I don't keer if ye pay me tu dollars."

That struck me as "rather steep" for "common doins," particularly as we had furnished the food and "the drinks"; yet, saying nothing, I handed her a two-dollar bank note. She took it, and held it up curiously to the sun, then in a moment handed it back, saying, "I don't know nothin' 'bout that ar sort of money; hain't you got no silver?"

I fumbled in my pocket a moment, and found a quarter-eagle, which I gave her.

"I haint got nary a fip o' change," she said, as she took it.

"Oh! never mind the change, madam; I shall want to stop and *look* at you when I return," I replied, good-humoredly.

"Ha! ha! yer a chicken," said the woman, at the same time giving me a gentle poke in the ribs. Fearing she might, in the exuberance of her joy at the sight of the money, proceed to some more decided demonstration of affection, I hastily stepped into the waggon, bade her good-bye, and was off.

We were still among the pines, which towered gigantically all around us, but were no longer alone. Every tree was scarified for turpentine, and the forest was alive with negro men and women gathering the "last dipping," or clearing away the stumps and underbrush preparatory to the spring work. It was Christmas week; but, as I afterwards learned, the Colonel's negroes were accustomed to doing "half tasks" at that season, being paid for their labor as if they were free. They stopped their work as we rode by, and stared at us with a sort of stupid, half-frightened curiosity, very much like the look of a cow when a railway train is passing. It needed but little observation to conclude that their *status* was but one step above the level of the brutes.

As we rode along I said to the driver, "Scipio, what did you think of our lodgings?"

"Mighty pore, massa. Niggas lib better'n dat."

"Yes," I replied, "but these folks despise you blacks; they seem to be both poor and proud."

"Yas, massa, dey'm pore 'cause dey won't work, and dey'm proud 'cause dey'r white. Dey won't work 'cause dey see de darky slaves doin' it, and tink it am beneaf white folks to do as de darkies do. Dis habin' slaves keeps dis whole country pore."

"Who told you that?" I asked, astonished at hearing a remark showing so much reflection from a negro.

"Nobody, massa, I see it myself."

"Are there many of these poor whites around Georgetown?"

"Not many 'round Georgetown, sar, but great many in de up-country har, and dey'm all like—pore and no account; none ob 'em kin read, and dey all eat clay."

"Eat clay!" I said; "what do you mean by that?"

"Didn't you see, massa, how yaller all dem wimmin war? Dat's 'cause dey eat clay. De little children begin 'fore dey can walk, and dey eat it till dey die; dey chaw it like 'backer. It makes all dar stumacs big, like as you seed 'em, and spiles dar 'gestion. It am mighty onhealfy."

"Can it be possible that human beings do such things! The brutes wouldn't do that."

"No, massa, but *dey* do it; dey'm pore trash. Dat's what de big folks call 'em, and it am true; dev'm long way lower down dan de darkies."

By this time we had arrived at the run. We found the bridge carried away, as the woman had told us; but its abutments were still standing, and over these planks had been laid, which afforded a safe crossing for foot-passengers. To reach these planks, however, it was necessary to wade into the stream for full fifty yards, the "run" having overflowed its banks for that distance on either side of the bridge. The water was evidently receding, but, as we could not well wait, like the man in the fable, for it all to run by, we alighted, and counseled as to the best mode of making the passage.

Scipio proposed that he should wade in to the first abutment, ascertain the depth of the stream, and then, if it was not found too deep for the horse to ford to that point, we would drive that far, get out, and walk to the end of the planking, leading the horse, and then again mount the waggon at the further end of the bridge. We were sure the horse would have to swim in the middle of the current, and perhaps for a considerable distance beyond; but, having witnessed his proficiency in aquatic performances, we had no doubt of his getting safely across.

The darky's plan was decided on, and divesting himself of his trowsers, he waded into the "run" to take the soundings.

While he was in the water my attention was attracted to a printed paper, posted on one of the pines near the roadside. Going up to it, I read as follows:

$250 REWARD.

RAN AWAY from the subscriber, on Monday, November 12th, his mulatto man, SAM. Said boy is stout-built, five feet nine inches high, 31 years old, weighs 170 lbs., and walks very erect, and with a quick, rapid gait. The American flag is tatooed on his right arm above the elbow. There is a knife-cut over the bridge of his nose, a fresh bullet-wound in his left thigh, and his back bears marks of a recent whipping. He is supposed to have made his way back to Dinwiddie County, Va., where he was raised, or to be lurking in the swamps in this vicinity.

The above reward will be paid for his confinement in any jail in North or South Carolina, or Virginia, or for his delivery to the subscriber on his plantation at ——.

——, December 2, 1860. D. W. J——.

The name signed to this hand-bill was that of the planter I was about to visit.

Scipio having returned, reporting the stream fordable to the bridge, I said to him, pointing to the "notice":

"Read that, Scip."

He read it, but made no remark.

"What does it mean—that fresh bullet-wound, and the marks of a recent whipping?" I asked.

"It mean, massa, dat de darky hab run away, and ben took; and dat when dey took him dey shot him, and flogged him arter that. Now, he hab run away agin. De Cunnel's mighty hard on his niggas!"

"Is he! I can scarcely believe that."

"He am, massa; but he ain't so much to blame, nuther; dey'm awful bad set, most ob 'em—so dey say."

Our conversation was here interrupted by our reaching the bridge. After safely "walking the plank," and making our way to the opposite bank, I resumed it by asking—

"Why are the Colonel's negroes so particularly bad?"

"Cause, you see massa, de turpentine business hab made great profits for sum yars now, and de Cunnel hab been gettin' rich bery fass. He hab put all his money, jess so fass as he made it, into darkies, so as to make more; for he's got berry big plantation, and need nuffin' but darkies to work it to make money jess like a gold mine. He goes up to Virginny to buy niggas; and up dar *now* dey don't sell none less dey'm bad uns, 'cep when sum massa die or git pore. Virginny darkies dat cum down har ain't gin'rally of much account. Dey'm either kinder good-for-nuffin, or dey'm ugly; and de Cunnel d'rather hab de ugly dan de no-account niggas."

"How many negroes has he?"

"'Bout two hundred, men and wimmin, I b'lieve, massa."

"It can't be very pleasant for his family to remain in such an out-of-the-way place, with such a gang of negroes about them, and no white people near."

"No, massa, not in dese times; but de missus and de young lady ain't dar now."

"Not there now? The Colonel said nothing to me about that. Are you sure?"

"Oh yas, massa; I seed 'em go off on de boat to Charles'n most two weeks ago. Dey don't mean to cum back till tings am more settled; dey'm 'fraid to stay dar."

"I should think it wouldn't be safe for even the Colonel there, if a disturbance broke out among the slaves."

"Twouldn't be safe den anywhar, sar; but de Cunnel am berry brave man. He'm better dan twenty of *his* niggas."

"Why better than twenty of *his* niggers?"

"'Cause dem ugly niggas am gin'rally cowards. De darky dat is quiet, 'spectful, and does his duty, am de brave sort; *dey'll* fight, massa, till dey'm cut down."

LULLABY.

BY E. JEFFERSON CUTLER.

Now the twilight shadows flit;
Now the evening lamp is lit;
Sleep, baby, sleep!
Little head on mother's arm,
She will keep him safe from harm;
Keep him safe and fold him warm;
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Baby's father, far away,
Thinks of him at shut of day;
Sleep, baby, sleep!
He must guard the sleeping camp,
Heark'ning, in the cold and damp,
For the foeman's stealthy tramp;
Sleep, baby, sleep!

He can hear the lullaby,
He can see the laughing eye;
Sleep, baby, sleep!
And he knows, though we are dumb,
How we long to have him come
Back to baby, mother, home;
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Now the eyes are closing up,
Let their little curtains drop;
Sleep, baby, sleep!
Softly on his father's bed
Mother lays her baby's head,
There, until the night be fled,
Sleep, baby, sleep!

God, who dry'st the widow's tears,
God, who calm'st the orphan's fears,
Guard baby's sleep!
Shield the father in the fray;
Help the mother wait and pray;
Keep us all by night and day;
Sleep, baby, sleep!

—*Only Once.*

A PLEASANT NARRATION.

I WILL tell you "a merry toy," as old Jeremy Taylor was wont to say. I was lately introduced to a Mr. Bird, who lives in the vicinity of Boston. My heart warmed towards the stranger at the first glance; for he looked like a mountain of good nature, lighted up with sunny streams of fun. The volume of his voice was in proportion to his bulk. Our conversation turned upon slavery, of course; for that is the hinge upon which all conversation turns now-a-days. Jeff. Davis has converted the entire free States into a great Debating Society upon that subject. Apparently, it was the only good use the Lord could put him to.

"I want to tell you," said Mr. Bird, "what first set me to thinking about slavery. Some years ago, I had thoughts of going down South to teach music. Looking over the Southern papers to see where such teachers were wanted, I happened to light on this advertisement: "Runaway, my man John, a tall, stout fellow, with light hair and blue eyes. He is a good blacksmith and a bright fellow, and will be very likely to try to pass himself off for a white man."

"By golly!" said I to myself, "here's a description of *me!* only my name's Joe, and that fellow's name's John. I served my time at a blacksmith's, and I'm bright enough, anyhow, to try to pass myself off for a free man. I went to the glass, and took a good look at myself to find out whether I was a nigger or not. Thinks I to myself, if such looking fellows as I am are advertised as runaway slaves, it will be about as well for me to keep clear of the nigger-driving States. So I went to Vermont to teach a singing-school. There I found a fugitive slave working round among the neighbors; and I told 'em about *my* being advertised for as a runaway slave, and how I had reckoned it was best to change my name to Joe, and I hoped they wouldn't any of 'em betray me. Many a good laugh we had over it. When my school closed, and I was coming home, I told the fugitive I calculated to go down South one of these days, and then I should inform against him, and make some money by it. He looked me right in the face and grinned, as if he didn't believe one word I said. "You won't do no such a ting," said he; "I *know* you wont." Now, I took *that* for a compliment. I should think I was a bad-looking sneak, if he *had* thought I looked like a chap mean enough to do such a job."

"I don't think it proved any astonishing sagacity in the fugitive," replied I. "If I were a runaway slave, I would trust you with the secret, after a look at your face. It is plain enough that nature never made you for a bird of prey."

So ended my conversation with Mr. Joseph Bird. I hope there are many more "birds of the same feather."—*Liberator.* L. M. CHILD.

IMPASSIBILITY.

THE thickness of the American cuticle is marvellous. We do not complain that we are not possessed with vindictiveness towards our rebel foes, for Christianity condemns vengeance. But we have not, apparently—at least, but a small portion of our Northern people have even common sensibility on this subject of the heinous guilt of rebellion. Battles are fighting; men are dying by thousands; the great interests of society are dislocated; mountains of national debt are rising to crush the energies of future years; and yet we hear men speak of restoring the old Union precisely as it was before, slaves and all. The rebel leaders in Fort Warren are feasted. The rebel officers seized have, in many cases, been sworn in by the oath of allegiance, and in the next battle, forsooth, these same men are found engaged in the rebel ranks, slaying our sons and brothers. We have been engaged now ten months in shooting the enemies of their country gently, and suppressing traitors, conspirators and rebels tenderly. The attempt has been made to keep it from being "a remorseless revolution." The public sentiment has thus been tainted. We have not boldly called sin sin, denounced it as such, fought against it and put it down, as if it were verily warring against all we hold dear on earth or sacred in heaven. Why, dear sirs, it is "a remorseless revolution," for such our foes have made it. Foreign nations have looked on in amazement and derision, to see how the tameness and subserviency of forty years still followed us as a habit, and made us coquette with the most awful treason ever known upon earth. But gradually the healthy, wholesome, moral indignation is rising. Dead sons, butchered fathers, slaughtered brothers, mangled husbands, and all the horrors of the battle-field will slowly wake up the American Government and the American people to the deep damnation of this crime of treason, and that peculiar form of human society which has created and developed this crime upon a scale of such stupendous magnitude. The process of conversion is going on. A few more Fort Donelsons will enable the practical people of our country, whatever the politicians may do, to say with a tone not to be mistaken, Forever and forever let that institution perish, which is the head and front of all this flagrant offending. In fact, has not the very act of rebellion, in every seceded State, of itself, ended the bondage therein of every human being?—*Christian Inquirer.*

LONG-FACED PIETY.

I HAVE seen a deacon in the pride of his deep humility. He combed his hair straight, and looked studiously after the main chance; and while he looked, he employed himself in setting a good example. His dress was rigidly plain, and his wife was not indulged in the vanities of millinery and mantua-making. He never joked. He did not know what a joke was, any further than to know that it was a sin. He carried a Sunday face through the week. He did not mingle in the happy social parties of his neighborhood. He was a deacon. He starved his social nature because he was a deacon. He refrained from all participation in a free and generous life because he was a deacon. He made his children hate Sunday because he was a deacon. He so brought them up that they learned to consider themselves unfortunate in being the children of a deacon. They were pitied by other children because they were the children of a deacon. His wife was pitied by other women because she was the wife of a deacon. Nobody loved him. If he came into a circle where men were laughing or telling stories, they always stopped until he went out. Nobody ever grasped his hand cordially, or slapped him on the shoulder, or spoke of him as a good fellow. He seemed as dry and hard and tough as a piece of jerked beef. There was no softness of character—no juiciness—no loveliness in him.

Now, it is of no use for me to undertake to realize to myself that God admires such a character as this. I do not doubt that He loves the man, as He loves all men; but to admire his style of manhood and piety is impossible for any intelligent being. It lacks the roundness and fulness, and richness and sweetness, that belong to a truly admirable character. Such a man caricatures Christianity, and scares other men away from it. Such a man ostentatiously presents himself as one in whose life religion is dominant. It is religion that is supposed to rub down that long face, and inspire that stiff demeanor, and to make him at all points an unattractive and unlovable man. Of course, it is not religion that does anything of the kind, but it has the credit of it with the world, and the world does not like it. It looks around, and sees a great many men who do not pretend to religion at all, and yet who are very lovable men. If religion can transform a pleasant man into a most unpleasant one, and change a free, bright, and happy home into a dismal place of slavery, and blot out a man's æsthetic and social nature, the world naturally thinks that getting religion would be almost as much of a misfortune as getting some melancholy chronic disease, and I do not blame it. It is not to be wondered at that the world should mistake, very much, the true nature of Christianity, when Christians themselves entertain such grievous errors about it.

I suppose God is attracted to very much the same style of character that men are. Christ loved a young man at first sight, who lacked the very thing essential to his highest manhood. But He loved the kind of man He saw before Him. He was upright, frank-hearted, open-minded, and bright; and "Jesus beholding him, loved him." There are men whom one cannot help loving and admiring though they lack a great many things—things very "needful" to make them perfect men. Now, I put it to good, conscientious, Christian men and women, whether they do not take more pleasure in the society of a warm-hearted, generous, chivalrous, well-fed man of the world, than in the society of any of that class of Christians of whom the deacon I have mentioned is a type. I know they do, and they cannot help it. There is more of that which belongs to a first-class Christian character in the former than in the latter, and if I were called upon to test the two men by commanding them respectively to sell what they have and give to the poor, I should be disappointed were the deacon to behave the best. A character which religion does not fructify—does not soften, enlarge, beautify, and enrich—is not benefitted by religion—or, rather, has not possessed itself of religion. God loves that which is beautiful and attractive in character, just as much as we do, and it makes no difference where he sees it. He does not dislike the amiable traits of a sinner because he is a sinner, nor does he admire those traits of a Christian which we feel to be contemptible, simply because they belong to a Christian. A Christian sucked dry of his humanity is as juiceless and as flavorless as a sucked orange, and I believe that God regards him in the same light that we do. He will save such I doubt not, for their faith; and, in the coming world, they will learn what they do not know here; but the question whether they are as well worth saving as some of their neighbors may, I think, be legitimately entertained. In saying this, I mean to be neither light nor irreverent. I mean simply to indicate that some men are worth a great deal more to themselves and to their fellows than others.—*Timothy Titcomb.*

PATIENCE.

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

LET me not dream in vain despair
That progress stays her steps for me;
The puny leverage of a hair
A planet's impulse well may spare,
A drop of dew the tided sea.

The loss, if loss there be, is mine;
And yet not mine, if understood;
For one shall grasp, and one resign,
One drink life's rue, and one its wine,
And God shall make the balance good.

Oh power to do! oh baffled will!
Oh prayer and action, ye are one.
Who may not serve may yet fulfil
The harder task of standing still;
And good but wished, with God is done!

—*Only Once.*

CRITICISM.

IT belongs to the reformer to criticise, and censure, and lessen, to the utmost of his power, every element of evil that he sees anywhere in the country. To destroy and remove an evil is a good; therefore, the criticism about merely negative work is all irrelevant and forceless. This is just as positive as any other work. Suppose a machine, upon whose working you rely for subsistence, is stopped by a pebble in the cog-wheel—is it not a positive good to take the pebble out? And yet it is only attacking and removing an evil. Ignorance, intemperance, selfishness, hate, unprincipled rivalry, are evils of the most enormous magnitude. I think it is a most noble good service if any one is able to fasten on these, criticise them, point out their true character and operation, make them odious, make it disgraceful for anyone to be their votary, and thus clear the way for the forms of pure good to come into operation. This is a part of the duty, not only of the reformer, as such, but of every citizen, as a member of the community. And yet, there is nothing in the world that is so popular among the common multitude of easy and well-to-do people—fogies, hunkers, and conservatives in particular—as the outcry against the assault upon evil. "You want to do good to the public, do you? Well, then, in heaven's name, hold your tongue and keep in private; let other people alone!" That is what they say; and yet, the absurdity of this—how obvious it is! It is refuted by a common-sense view of the facts, for no great evil lodged in a community ever died out of itself. It has a self-sustaining, self-propagating power, as all other things have in the world; and if let alone, it will destroy the body politic on which it fastens and thrives. It must be assailed and destroyed, or else it will destroy the people. Common sense tells us this; and then, look at history! Have mankind been served in the great epochs and crises of the past by men who held their tongues, kept in private, and disturbed nobody? Not at all. Come from your graves, ye heroes, saints and benefactors of mankind in every age! Were you not the contumely and the buffet of your contemporaries? It has always been so, and will be, until mankind grow a great deal wiser and more charitable than they are yet.—*Rev. W. R. Alger.*

FREEDOM WILL TRIUMPH.—But if secession succeeds, slavery will not. The cause which has gone through England, France, Denmark, Holland, Turkey, Russia—the cause which has scaled and captured every throne of Europe—will not be strangled here by a fibre of secession cotton. Common sense votes the people's ticket, and every bondman, armed with the wrath and reason of the race, is backed by the universe. Hush up earthquakes—smother volcanoes—pile Ætna, slavery, war, cotton fields, confederacies upon the insurgent Titan, but look out for Pompeii and Herculaneum! For, by the logic of history and human nature, the negro "still lives," and will march to his freedom. Deeper than society, higher than thrones, wider than nations, surges the common soul. It reaches down from the ice-crowned Alpine Autocracy of Russia to lift an empire of serfs into justice and liberty; it shakes Austria and the Pope out of Italy, and bids Mazzini and Garibaldi carry the line of the Cæsars to a higher and nobler level; it sends Wilberforce to the throne of God with the broken fetters of the Indias, Cobbett to plead for starving operatives, O'Connell to voice the woes of stricken Ireland; and, banishing slavery, war, woman's wrongs, every social evil from this continent, redeeming the good old pledge, it will yet make the cause of America the cause of human nature (great applause). Democracy is not a failure, Christianity is not a failure, man is not a failure. The sky loves to be mirrored in the tiniest tear drop, the sun puts his golden arms around the meanest hovel, the music of the spheres is echoed in the shell under the leaden sea. So, God smiling on all, beneath this transient burden of human evil, there is a moral response which shall yet be the diapason of a universal harmony.—*E. H. Heywood.*

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